





JOE SAXTON IN JAPAN.

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JOE SAXTON

IN

JAPAN.

A STORY OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

BY

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" *Author of Letters from Japan.*

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TO
LIEUTENANT K. NAGAO,
IMPERIAL JAPANESE NAVY.

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

JOE SAXTON IN JAPAN.

I.



ARL STEINBERG, a native of Germany, was one of a numerous family, and but for the accident of being a younger son might perhaps have had another title before his name than that of Doctor of Medicine, from a college in Berlin.

Having attained his degree and pursued for a time some special studies, with practice in the hospital, he went to London to settle down.

After a year of struggle for recognition in his already overcrowded profession, in that great center, without success, and hoping to find a fresher field elsewhere, he left England, having acquired a fair command of the language, and with a somewhat depleted purse, he set sail for America.

Locating in an Atlantic sea-board city, he soon discovered that the conditions were not materially different from those he had left in

England. His painstaking ability met with more ready recognition, in some respects, but he had greater aptitude in collecting scientific data, than bills for services rendered, and his finances running low, he decided at last to return to Germany and enter the service of the Fatherland.

A natural disposition to rove, and a romantic fondness for adventure, took him into the navy.

After a tour of duty at home, he was ordered to a man-of-war, then cruising in the China Sea.

His orders were of such a nature as to permit him to delay en route, and he improved his opportunities by picking up such information on the way as might be of use in his new field of practice in the Orient.

The spring of 189- found him in Japan, studying the language, and at the same time acquiring such other knowledge of the manners and customs of that interesting country as might be practicable.

During the long voyage across the Pacific from San Francisco to Yokohama, the German Doctor became well known to everybody on board the ship, from the captain to the babes in the steerage. Even the sheep, in cages on the upper deck, carried to supply fresh mutton

on the trip, though diminishing steadily in numbers, day by day, as the knots were reeled off the log, seemed to recognize his presence, and would stop chewing their cud, or munching the straw of their beds, to listen to his kindly greeting. The two Holstein cows, in their narrow stalls further aft, learned to stretch out their necks and turn their heads to the limit of their liberty to move, watching his approach from far down the deck.

Often, in joining the ship's doctor in his daily rounds, he would wander forward among the steerage passengers, accompanied perhaps by some lady from the saloon, carrying sweets or delicacies to the little half-naked children of the coolies returning to their native lands.

But it was in the evening, after dinner, when all had come on deck to enjoy the moonlight on a tropical sea, that the young German was in his happiest element.

With a voice of that peculiar quality more characteristic of the African than the Teuton race, and highly cultivated, he would start up some dreamy song, and no ice of strangeness could long remain unmelted within hearing. All who could sing, even a little, soon joined in. One would lead at one time, another at another; but, when it came to the Watch on

the Rhine, or other patriotic song, Carl always carried the air, and with a fervor that made one feel that his greatest ambition was either to live or to die for his country. His repertory of college and sea songs, love ditties and operas seemed to be unlimited.

Among the others on board the good ship was an Englishman, George, who though one of the youngest of the party, came to be called the "Papa" of the "Peking Family." George was a good fellow when once you knew him. He could not, of course, help being an Englishman; and some of the company thought he might become quite a man of the world by the time he finished his journey around it.

A party of half a dozen American naval officers were on board, going out, like the German doctor, to join ships on the Asiatic station. A jolly crew they were altogether. One especially, who will not be forgotten by those who ever have the good fortune to sail with him on an ocean liner or a man-of-war, was a lieutenant fresh from duty at the Naval Academy and "society," going out for a second tour in the Orient, and assigned to a ship in Korea. He was a good singer, and well versed in both occidental and oriental music. He was good natured and witty, a little inclined to stoutness,

but every pound of his flesh worth its weight in gold.

A favorite song he frequently sang—always “by request,” and which nearly all learned before the party broke up—was a charming little ditty by another naval officer, called “Oyuchasan,” and adapted to be sung to the air of “Rosalie.”

SONG—BY BOSTWICK.

I.

“I call her the belle of Japan,
Of Japan.
Her name is Oyucha-San,
Yuchasan.
Such tenderness lies,
In her soft almond eyes,
I tell you she’s just ‘Ichi ban.’” *

CHORUS.

“I care not what others may say,
I’m in love with Oyuchasan;
Ichi ban,
In Japan,
I’m in love with Oyuchasan.”

*Japanese for “No. 1.”

The song ended with this verse:

IX.

“You may call this a Japanese craze,
A craze.
You may say a weak mind it displays,
Displays;
But go to Japan,
See Oyuchasan,
And you’ll have it the rest of your days.”

II.



JOE SAXTON was a character. American born, over six feet in height, fair-haired, with blue eyes, he was about the same age as the “Dutch Doctor,” as he called Steinberg. Between the two there was resemblance enough to warrant a supposition that they came originally from the same stock. All that was positively known, however, of Joe’s ancestors was that they had come from England before the American revolution.

Born on a farm in a western State, his first adventure was to run away from home with a circus. For a time he assisted in carrying water, rolling carpets, etc., for the performers in the ring. Soon, however, he learned a few of their "tricks," and displaying some nerve, he was chosen for the "top-piece" in the "human pyramid"; but, growing rapidly, and becoming too heavy for that exalted position, he was "promoted downwards," as Joe put it, until, striking the tan-bark, he began performing on his own account.

This took about two years and a half. By this time Joe discovered the fact that there was a good deal more gilt than gold in the circus business; and not exactly liking the texture of the silk in the cracker of the ring-master's whip, nor appreciating his playful skill in "cutting behind" into a group of performers clad in the thinnest of tights, Joe "sherried the fixit," which means, in showmen's slang, that he suddenly terminated his engagement.

In Joe's separation from the company, as given in the newspapers, the narrative stated that, "the injured man, when brought to the hospital, was suffering from concussion of the brain, due to a contusion evidently made by a blunt instrument." But Joe, much disgusted

with this description, said, "that is about as straight as the newspapers generally get things. In fact it is an out-and-out lie. I only knocked him down with a stool."

As one result of Joe's quick temper he was obliged to change his name; and he next engaged with a stone-cutter, to learn the trade, secretly believing that he could "chisel out" broken-legged sheep lying down under trees, and girls with wings, as well as the fellows he saw doing that sort of thing in the "works."

In this, however, he was disappointed; first, because that was not the kind of work he was given to do, and squaring huge blocks of granite and sawing out slabs of marble, was in fact, as he said, "too much like getting out timber and splitting rails."

He tried several other occupations with no better success. At last, walking along the street one day, he passed a building in front of which was displayed a flag, while standing in the door was a neatly dressed soldier. Turning back at the next crossing, and retracing his steps, Joe inquired:

"Is this the place where men join the army?"

"Yes," replied the soldier. "Do you want to enlist?"

"Well; I was thinking about it," said Joe.

"Come in, and I will tell you anything you want to know," said the sergeant.

Passing along a hallway and up-stairs, they entered a room, where several soldiers were seated around a table, playing cards. Now if there was any one thing Joe did like in the way of amusement, it was a little game of "draw"; and he was strongly tempted to take a hand at once. He soon saw, however, that it was nothing but "seven-up," and that "for fun"; so he turned to read the poster on the wall, to which the sergeant called his attention, saying:

"This will tell you all about the pay, and other conditions. The officer will be in before long, and you can talk to him about enlisting, if you want to."

While Joe was still engaged in reading the poster and looking at the pictures of what seemed to be all generals, a young man, dressed in civilian's clothes, came into the room, smoking a cigar.

The sergeant gave some sort of a command, it seemed, by way of greeting, and all the other men stood up around the table. This was answered by the young man making a motion with his hand, and at the same time taking the cigar out of his mouth, as he passed through into another room.

"That's him," said the sergeant; "wait here till I come out;" and he followed the officer.

He soon came out, and holding the door open, motioned Joe to enter. Joe did so, and found the officer seated behind a table opening letters with a paper-knife.

"Well, my man, the sergeant tells me you want to enlist."

"Yes," said Joe, "I had some notion of it."

Then followed a long list of questions as to his name, age, occupation, parentage and references as to character. In answer Joe did some very plausible lying. As to references, Joe was obliged to admit that he had none.

"But," said the officer, "can't you refer to your last employer?"

"Yes," said Joe, "but I don't know what he might say. I haven't asked him."

"Well, never mind about that; give me his name and address, and we will see about it. In the mean time, you can stop here and get your meals with our party."

Joe arose to go, and at the same time the officer got up, and coming around the table confronted him, saying:

"My man, I like your looks; I wish you would tell me frankly what your idea is in

enlisting in the army. Are you broke? are you out of a job? can't you get work?"

Joe felt that he was in the presence of a gentleman, and replied:

"Captain, I am not "broke." I never was out of a job in my life; but as for work, that is just the trouble. I *can* get too much of it."

The officer drew himself up to his full height—he was not even then quite as tall as Joe, who stood in front of him, his head slightly bent forward, holding his hat in front of his breast—and frowning, said:

"I hope, young man, you don't think the United States Army an organized band of loafers."

"No!" said Joe, "I know better than that. I was brought up in the West. Still I thought perhaps a fellow might shirk a little once in a while without having his pay docked."

The officer unbent at once, and laughing, resumed his seat, saying:

"Perhaps so. I hope so." Then calling out, "Sergeant," the door opened instantly, and the soldier was there saluting.

"Have the papers made out in this case, and take him to the doctor," said the officer. "I hope he will pass," he added to himself, and then went on soliloquizing: "There is a boy

with the courage of his convictions. I wonder how long he will keep it in the service." As for himself, he could but reflect that his own experience had been one long struggle to keep his own.

Joe soon found himself serving in a troop of cavalry on the frontier, having admitted that he perhaps knew something about horses, and been assigned to that branch of the service.

III.



AS a matter of fact, when Joe enlisted he was barely nineteen years old, though he had declared to the recruiting officer that he was of age, and was his own master.

He was large for his age, an athlete in build, and handy at almost everything. His qualifications were soon recognized, and he was detailed to drive a team in the baggage train.

Here Joe was perfectly at home.

Having been "born in a manger," as he used to say, he "never could understand why everybody could not handle animals." "All you have got to do is to talk to them," he would say.

And Joe's talk to his team of six mules, in a tight place, sometimes, not to mention a peculiar cry he could give when he wanted them to do their best and pull together, was something fearful for one brought up in the Christian faith to hear. This was, doubtless, due to his early training with the show; and his vocabulary might be considered a model for either the army or the navy.

Big as he was, Joe had a tenor voice of a peculiarly penetrating quality, which in ordinary conversation could be heard all over camp, from the cook-fire at one end of the company street to the officers' tents across the line at the other. And it was seldom silent. Even after taps Joe would talk as long as there remained any one awake enough within hearing to occasionally give a grunt of acknowledgment.

Joe could not sing a bar correctly, but he liked music; and let anybody start up a song, no matter what, Joe developed into one of the best of listeners.

It did not take his comrades long to find this out; so the troop to which Joe belonged came to be known as "the singers," and one of the happiest, most cheerful and efficient organizations in the whole army.

Now Joe had his weakness. Among soldiers drinking, swearing and similar habits, though against law, are oftener regarded as evidences of strength of character than otherwise. But let a man fall in love, and get found out, the affair becomes "nuts" for the fellows. And should the victim have any sense of the ridiculous he is apt to wind up by wishing there never was a woman in the world.

This was hardly thought to be Joe's case, however; for nobody ever saw him write or receive letters. Still, with all his frankness, Joe evidently had something to conceal. Several times he had been caught reading a book. Usually it was while he was lying flat on his face under his wagon, with his mules around munching their hay and forming with their heels a line of defence against all comers, making it extremely dangerous for anybody to approach near enough to see what the book might be.

One suggested the Bible; but this brought a laugh at Joe's expense. Another thought he was poring over an account he probably kept of "the game," in which he put down his winnings and losses, and such sums as the fellows owed him.

Another, a young recruit from somewhere in Indiana, was sure it was the "Boy's Own Book." Else, how could he know so much about making all sorts of traps and other such things. One said he had seen the inside of the book, though not very close to it, he admitted.

This last speaker became an object of interest at once; and being questioned, he said: "No, it did not look like a novel, nor was it verses; just plain printing down the middle of the page." Then all concluded it must be a list of horse-medicines, accounting for Joe's extraordinary skill in treating the animals.

There was nothing Joe hated to see more than a lame horse or mule; or one with a sore back or shoulders. And nothing was too unkind for him to say of the rider or driver, who might be even indirectly responsible for such a condition. Innumerable were the devices he invented for curing or relieving animals. One sovereign remedy, however, was tobacco-juice, of which he always had a plentiful supply ready for use.

When asked by the medical officer for his theory as to its curative qualities, Joe replied,

"Well, you see doctor; it kills the mully-grubs or micrubs, or whatever it is you call 'em."

He could even start a balky horse with the juice. In a bad case, he would take the animal by the head, breathe into its nostrils a moment (some thought he whispered to it), spit into both eyes; pry open its mouth and land the whole quid with a mouthful of juice well inside; then while the poor beast coughed, snorted and blinked, in utter misery, forgetting for the time all his other troubles, Joe would step aside, and, as the driver gathered his reins, give one of his peculiar "get ups," accompanied by a cut with a "black-snake" whip around the fore-legs; and if that horse didn't go, it was because the "gear held," or the load couldn't come.

Several times Joe's "kit" and clothing had been searched by friends for the mysterious book—the pretense being that of "looking for a chew of tobacco," "matches," or something of that kind. The searchers were without success, until unluckily or luckily, one day one of the teamsters had occasion to go to the tool-box at the front of Joe's wagon, for something he needed; and there, in a sort of a pocket, made by tacking a piece of gunny sack against the side of the box, among sundry pieces of string, scraps of leather, buckles, etc., the precious volume was found.

It was only part of a book after all. It had no back, or front either, for that matter; and some of the leaves were gone; while every page was soiled by harness-black or bacon grease. But at the top of every left-hand page were the words, "Lady of," and on the right-hand page, "The Lake." Joe's weakness was revealed. It was poetry.

That this was fun for the fellows need hardly be said. Several who had long suffered from Joe's wit and sarcasm, now found their opportunity to "get even." Whenever he got into one of his tirades of exaggeration all that was necessary to silence him was to say, "O! come off, and tell us about that buck you fellows jumped, in the mountains of the old country; that stopped first to shake himself, and then "lit out" all over the wide prairie. That time you got lost, and first met that girl of yours." Or, another would say, "Tell us all about that sweetheart of yours who wouldn't have the King, even though he was in disguise, because she loved another fellow."

In vain did Joe explain that the book they found, he had only picked up where some tourists had been camping, and that he had put it in the tool-box to use for old paper; but, generally, about that time, something over near

the wagons would need immediate attention. Or, if sitting around a fire, Joe would discover that it needed fuel; and would go for an armful of wood.

IV.



JOE had wonderful tact in managing a train, as well as skill in packing the animals.

It was interesting to notice how every mule in the outfit seemed to know him; and there were a few that would stand for nobody else to pack. One of these was a black jade by the name of "Nancy Jane," that would kick the blinds off of her face if anybody else than Joe tried to saddle her. Even he "had a time" with her once in a while.

One evening after a hard day's journey, Joe, while taking off her pack, was asked:

"What was it you were saying to Nance this morning while you loaded her up? I heard you talking to her."

Joe at the time was untying a hard knot with the assistance of his teeth, his face close to the pack, and as he did not answer at once, the questioner added, "Was it poetry?"

Joe blushed to the roots of his blonde hair, and his teeth slipping off the knot, came together with a "snap" like the spring of a beaver trap. Turning with a cold gray look in his usually bright blue eyes, Joe said:

"Poetry is pizen."

Joe got an Indian name of "One Strike," while out amongst the Bannocks, from a bar-room encounter.

The witnesses in the case were two bartenders and several Indians who were loafing about the saloon at the time of the fracas. The finding of Joe's cap, after he had returned to the post bare-headed, and his consequent admission that he "must have been there," served to establish the main facts beyond reasonable doubt.

The truth was that one night Joe had been wandering about, unarmed, away from the post, alone, as was his wont, and feeling a little dry, went into a saloon. Seated around the place were three "hard cases," with pistols strapped around their waists, evidently waiting for an invitation to drink.

Now it is a custom, in fact an unwritten law in some parts of the West, that when a "stranger" enters a saloon, he should invite all present to "step up and liquor."

Recognizing the fellows as "beats," Joe neglected this little formality as he stepped up to the counter and asked for a "mix." At this the loafers lined themselves up along the bar, two on one side and one on the other, without at first saying anything, unmistakably waiting to be invited "to join." Still Joe said nothing.

Feeling a little uneasy, however, while waiting for his drink, Joe quietly shifted his position, so that he now stood on the right of the line, and, as he afterward said, "could see them all at once." The loafers becoming convinced that Joe had no intention of "doing the right thing," from their standpoint, began to make remarks anything but complimentary about soldiers in general.

Joe paid no attention at first, doubtless thinking they might prove too many for him under the circumstances, and was only anxious to get his drink and go. At last one of the loafers, speaking to another, "wondered how this brass-mounted monkey got out anyway." At about the same time the bartender, not noticing that Joe had changed his position in the line, placed his drink in front of the man on his left. Joe reached for it, but before he could get hold of it the loafer had seized the glass and raised it in front of his face, and leering at Joe, said,

“You won’t treat, eh?”

This was a little too much; and, for the instant, oblivious of the danger, Joe hauled off with his right, and throwing the whole weight of his massive shoulder with the blow, landed him one on the ear, with a grunt, and, “Yes I will.”

The force of the blow was such that in falling the recipient was knocked against the fellow on his left, and, he in turn against the one on the end of the line; so that they all went down in a heap at the opposite end of the counter, like a row of bricks. The last man, striking his head against the wall, was stunned and rendered helpless.

It is related that by the time the least injured of the three had got on his feet and pulled his “gun,” Joe was a block away, making tracks for the post.

When asked, afterwards, why he ran away when he had already done so well, Joe replied,

“Little as a man may have to live for in the army, I thought I would rather be a live soldier than a dead fool.”

V.



IT would seem that, though a "general favorite," Joe had enemies in the troop to which he belonged. One of these was O'Leary, an old Sergeant, an "excellent soldier," as more than one of his discharges from previous service stated under the heading of "character."

He was a man who seemed to be absolutely without the "sense of the ridiculous." He never could see anything "funny" in any remark that could be possibly construed as bordering on familiarity, or "freshness," as he called it; and any recruit who showed the least sign of it, in speaking to or of his superiors, was a subject for "straightening out."

As might be expected, Joe gave early offense in this respect; and fell under grave disfavor with the sergeant.

O'Leary was a big man, with red hair, a quick temper, a hard hitter; and he had a way of talking through his teeth which was anything but reassuring. The men called him "Red Leary," or "Reddy" for short.

Now Joe, doubtless, had the usual respect for the sterling qualities of the sergeant, especially for his tight grip and his big fist. But he also

had an ill-concealed contempt for his ignorance of animals. As Joe said, he didn't know the "near" from the "off" side of a "bull," as an ox is usually called on the plains.

At this time there was in Joe's team a certain bay mule, rather light in color, which, by a little stretch of the imagination, might be called red; so Joe named him "Reddy." Joe's reflections on Reddy's ancestry were misleading as well as decidedly disrespectful, and his epithets were always accompanied by a sharp cut or snap of the whip.

Being reproved for this on one occasion, and asked why he abused that animal so much, Joe replied,

"O, there is nothing the matter with the mule, "Reddy," except perhaps his color; I don't hurt him very much."

Of course things could not go on very long this way without making trouble.

One morning Joe was packing the hospital traps on a nervous mare mule, and, being a little behind time for the start, had called several times for assistance. O'Leary came along and told him among other things, that he had "better hurry up." Joe replied that he was doing the best he could, and would like to have

some assistance; "anyhow, somebody to hold the animal, if he couldn't throw a hitch."

The sergeant taking this to mean himself, stepped to the opposite side of the mule, and taking hold of one of the fastenings, told Joe he had "better tighten that up before he pulled out," and went on finding other fault with his method of packing.

Now there is a rope about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, with an iron toggle and several links of a chain at one end, called a lariat, used ordinarily for picketing out animals to graze, and which is often used to secure a pack. An iron pin, about the same diameter as the rope, and eighteen inches long, sharp at one end, with a head on the other, with a figure eight ring, was lying on the ground near by. Joe was putting on the rope, a part being already over the pack. A loop was lying across his arm, and the free end, with the toggle, was in his right hand. This he let slip out a little further, and, extending his arm, gave it a swing over the pack, at the same time saying,

"Take this."

Witnesses swore to the foregoing at the trial; and that they heard "a whack," and saw the sergeant drop down under the mule, which at the same time, sprang into the air like a cat

from a puddle of water, and came down bucking and kicking. They also swore that Private Saxton seized it by the head and began cuffing and jerking it about ; that it swung round and round over the sergeant, packages flying in all directions ; that one, a medicine-case, rather heavy, dropped off on to the sergeant's back.

At the trial, the first witness for the prosecution was, of course, Sergeant O'Leary. His testimony was straightforward and to the point. He swore that being in the discharge of his duty, he had occasion to "check" Private Saxton for being slow about his work, and undertook to assist him. That Private Saxton made some slurring remark, to which he replied that if he knew his business he would not need the whole command to help him. He testified further, that when he was not looking, Saxton struck him over the head with a "picket pin;" and then, while he was senseless on the ground, jumped on him and kicked him several times.

In answer to the questions by the judge advocate, he further testified, that the mule was a gentle one, and that he knew she had nothing to do with injuring him.

Then followed testimony by the medical officer and hospital steward, as to the character and

extent of the injuries to the sergeant. The former testified that when the case was first brought to his notice the patient was suffering from a laceration on the back of the cranium, low down. That above this, extending along the median line across the top, diminishing in size to the front, were three contusions, which he was of the opinion might possibly have been made by the links of a chain. That there were other bruises on the body, all at the back, except one on the biceps of the right arm. There was also one in the posterior region, which was very much swollen at the time he saw it, and which he was unable to give any opinion about, unless, indeed, the man had been kicked or trampled upon while in a prone position. Whether or not these injuries had been inflicted by blows or kicks of a man or a beast, he was unable to say positively.

The steward on being called, testified substantially to the same conditions, going, however, a little more into particulars in regard to the injury last mentioned by the doctor; saying, in answer to a direct question, that it was undoubtedly made by the foot of a mule.

Being further questioned as to how it was he knew so much better than the doctor how the injury was inflicted, he replied in substance, that

it was perhaps because he had seen the bruise a good many more times ; and he rather thought he knew the track of a mule from that of any other animal. He had seen a great many.

Being further questioned, he described how, after the swelling went down somewhat, the region gradually changed color from a dull black to blue ; then through all the shades of green, yellow and brown, until there remained only the impression of the curve and peculiar elongated side of a mule's shoe in light red, the imprint of the toe and calks being the last to disappear.

On cross examination he was asked if he had ever called the attention of the injured man to this mark. To which he replied that he had not. On being further questioned as to why he had not done so, he replied that the sergeant could not have seen it if he had mentioned it, "at least without a looking glass, and I didn't think of that."

The medical officer was then recalled, and having heard the testimony of the steward read over, was asked to give an expert opinion as to whether or not the injuries of the sergeant referred to were made by the mule, or otherwise ; to which he replied:

"It might be so."

VI.



THE prosecution being closed, witnesses for the defense were called.

It should be mentioned that Lieutenant Wilson had been detailed to defend the accused, at his request, at the trial. This officer had seen service on the plains, and was pretty well known to most of the members of the court.

Some of the testimony for the defense, as well as the prosecution, is referred to in the previous chapter, describing Joe's actions, as well as that of the mule, when the sergeant dropped under her.

One of the witnesses was asked by the judge advocate if he knew anything about the disposition of the animal in question. His answer was that he did not know much about that particular mule, "Maud," but he would not trust any mare mule at some seasons of the year.

On being asked if it was not a fact that he was afraid of all mules, the witness promptly replied,

"No Sir. There is old gray Tom, for instance. I have slept in the stall with him many a night."

Another witness called for the defense was being questioned in pretty much the same strain when the judge advocate objected. On being asked by the president of the court to state the grounds of his objection, he said :

“In the first place, as I understand it, the mule is not on trial before this court ; and, consequently, I do not feel called upon to either prosecute or defend her.”

Wilson replied,

“Mr. President, we claim that the mare mule, Maud, is on trial before this court. She has been brought into the case and made “*particeps criminis*,” by the learned judge advocate himself. And more. He has brought up the question of “character”; and we claim the right to prove that it is not only bad, but that she comes of a very doubtful family, to say the least.”

By this time several members of the court had picked up newspapers to hide their faces, and others were bending low over the table, apparently “taking notes.” The face of the president, as well as his bare scalp, were rapidly taking on the color of his artillery shoulder-straps.

One member of the court had said almost nothing in the trial, and took but little part in

the numerous discussions when the court was closed. As this was somewhat unusual for him, those who knew him best, came to feel, after a while, that he had something on his mind. At last he spoke.

“During this trial,” said he, “frequent reference has been made to “throwing the diamond hitch.” Whether or not that refers to throwing a rope with a chain at the end of it over the cargo on a mule, or to some kind of a knot or fastening, I have so far been unable to make out, and would like to be informed.”

At once a young officer of cavalry kindly volunteered to explain all about it. The president of the court, however, suggested that the prisoner himself would be the best one to do that, as he undoubtedly was an expert in such matters.

Saxton got up from the straight-backed kitchen-chair—which had been assigned to the accused as “the dock,” and the seat of which he had pretty thoroughly polished by squirming—and showed a readiness to comply. But Wilson arose at the same time, and motioning to Joe to be seated, said something to him in an undertone, the last two words of which, being the only ones heard, were “mouth shut.”

He then went on to say, addressing the court, that if given a little time—until the next morning—he would undertake to produce an expert, whose work would be proof of his qualifications to any fair minded man.

This led to a discussion as to the expense involved in employing an expert, and the necessity of special authority for the same, which was finally settled by the member, on whose behalf the testimony was chiefly required, stating, that should the expenditure not be approved, he would undertake to see that the man employed did not suffer; and the court adjourned for the day, to enable the attorney for the defense to find his man.

VII.



NOW there was an employe in the quartermaster's department at the post where the trial took place, a certain "packer" named Migule, who, it was said, could "rope" a rattle-snake forty feet away, and snap its head off, with a lariat. He could, with a single line, pack a load of twelve-pounder round shot on a "burro," and not lose one in a day's march over the roughest mountain trail.

When the court met the next morning the members dropped into the library by ones and twos, smoking their after-breakfast pipes or cigars, intent on getting the most out of them before coming to order. Saxton and the packer were on the sidewalk in front of the building.

The former was under guard. The sentinel, as well as the orderly for the court, saluted one officer after another as they passed in. Joe had not that privilege, being a prisoner. Migule, however, bowed and touched his hat to such of them as he happened to know.

As one young cavalryman came in, he said to Wilson, who was already there,

"So you have got that cut-throat Migule, for a witness, have you? I wouldn't believe him under"—oath, he was evidently about to say, but remembering the impropriety of such a remark under the circumstances, checked himself.

"We don't want you to," was Wilson's reply. "All we ask is that you believe your own senses."

A table had been brought in, smaller than that around which the members sat in session, and coal-oil boxes had been placed under its legs, raising it to about the height of an ordinary pack-mule. Other boxes and bundles were

lying about the room. The bedding of the "librarian," who slept in a room adjoining, had evidently been drawn upon, also, to furnish some of the paraphernalia of the prospective "pack," or cargo, of the mule.

The hour having arrived, the court came to order. The roll was called, and the proceedings of the previous day were read over and approved. All was now ready for the explanation of the much discussed "diamond hitch."

On an intimation from the president, Wilson got up and called in Migule. As he entered he took off his hat, passed his hand over his head and down backwards, as if to straighten out his hair, and stood looking at the table, but glancing around the room, evidently taking in everything.

"Drive on," said Wilson.

Migule had certainly learned his lesson well. Without further words from anybody, he walked around the table, picked up a couple of boxes, one in each hand, and placed them on the table, their edges extending over the top on each side, to represent by their corners those of the "araparajo," which a certain kind of pack-pad, or saddle, is called. Then taking a mattress, he stuffed it between the boxes for the mule's back. He then piled up other boxes and bundles until

the whole was somewhat higher than his head. Next he bound all these together, somehow, with a rope. Then going to the corner of the room he picked up a lariat, passed some of it through his hands as it uncoiled from the floor, and walked back to the table. When satisfied that the length of the "bite" was correct, he passed it over the pack and placed one part on what was supposed to represent the withers of the animal. Passing around the other end of the table, close up, at the same time placing his left hand on what was supposed to be the croop of the mule, he did something, and then returned to the "near side."

He next picked up the remainder of the rope lying partly on the floor, and throwing a bite over his left arm, measured off, with his eye, a certain length beyond his hand, and glancing at the ceiling, which was perhaps hardly high enough for his purpose, he shortened up a little, and raising his arm, swung the rope over the pack, about the middle. Around went the toggle and links on the end, coming up under the table with a "whack," doubtless leaving marks which might serve to identify the table as quartermaster's property for all time to come, equal to those usually found in that region burned in with a red-hot iron.

A few more turns and passes, connecting it with a "sinch," or belly-band, which had been lying under the table; then placing his foot against the side and hauling on the rope, a little this way and that, a turn or two under some of the tight parts to fasten and dispose of what was to spare, and the thing was done.

To make sure that all was right, Migule lifted up one side of the table and gave it a shake. The action was so much like that of an animal on being packed, that had the thing grunted or made some other sound, it is doubtful if any one present would have been much surprised.

All eyes were now turned upon the officer who had asked that the expert be called in, while Migule stood quietly awaiting further orders.

The officer's countenance was a blank. But at last, feeling called upon to say or do something, he got up and walked to the side of the pack, examined the fastenings on that side, and started to go around by the rear to the other side; but, changing his mind, he passed to the opposite side by the front. Here he finished his inspection and stood back, and addressing Migule, said,

"Well—I don't see yet what is meant by the diamond hitch." He knew all about the "Piper

gin," the "Mills sling," the "McCarty hitch," the "Saxton hitch," and others used in heavy artillery manœuvres. "Was *Diamond* the name of the man who invented that way of packing?" Migule placed his hands on the top of the pack and indicated by their movements the shape of the mesh the rope had made at that point—a perfect lozenge or diamond.

The officer resumed his seat, saying, "that was all he wanted to know."

One member remarked:

"That was the best expert testimony I ever heard of."

"How so?" said another, "I didn't hear very much."

"That is just it," said the first speaker, "he never said a word."

There being no further testimony to offer, the court was cleared and closed, and proceeded to vote on the findings. The accused was acquitted, a majority having enough doubt as to whether the affair might not have been an accident, to vote "Not guilty."

The record of the case went back and forth between the court and the department headquarters several times, for amendment, for revision, and for decisions on various points

involved, some of which were not less remarkable than the main features of the very curious case itself.

Joe was soon discharged.

While under charges, and awaiting final action of the proceedings, Joe was, of course, confined in the guard-house; thus suffering some punishment at least, for anything he might or might not have done wilfully; which was doubtless a comfort to those who thought him guilty as charged.

But while Joe was in limbo, there came to the post a substantial looking gentleman, who called upon the commanding officer at his office. Joe was sent for at once, and came under guard. He had a long interview with the visitor in the orderly's room at headquarters. What it was about, Joe never told; but it had a marked effect upon him.

Soon, however, it all came out. The proceedings of the Court were published, and they were quickly followed by an order from the War Department, discharging Joe from the service, as having been enlisted when a minor: "this soldier not being entitled to travel pay, etc." as the order read. The gentleman turned out to be Joe's father.

It was several years afterward that Joe was found hunting and fishing in the wilds of the State of Washington.

There were four in the party. Two had a "prospect," or mine, in that part of the country, and had built a "shack," or cabin for a stopping place on Bear River, between the settlement and the mine, which was about a day's tramp further up into the mountains. They had reached the cabin one night, and one of the party being in a crippled condition, concluded to remain with Joe until the return of the others, who had occasion to visit their mine.

Rain came on, and for three days they were confined to that "shack." Joe put in the time cutting firewood, fishing a little, cooking and talking a good deal, while both smoked and nursed the visitor's injured knee. Joe had been telling about a little Spanish girl, a rope-walker and dancer, he had known when he was in the "show business." They had about exhausted their stories of hunting scrapes and the like, and grown a little confidential as they sat astride a bench about five feet long, facing each other, and eating supper. The bench also served for a table, the victuals, consisting of trout, fried bacon, hard bread and coffee, were on the bench

between them. There was no light in the cabin, except from the fire flickering in the corner.

"Joe," said the visitor, "would you mind telling me the truth about that scrape with O'Leary?"

"Why! what do you want to know?" was the answer.

"Of course you knocked him down by accident with the lariat. That was proved clearly enough before the court. But did you really try to get the mule off of him when O'Leary was on the ground?"

Joe's mouth was full at the time, but as he finished chewing and swallowed, he held up the knife he had in his hand and said:

"Can a knife cut?"


"Yes—certainly."

"Can a dog bite?"

"I suppose so. But what has that got to do with the case?"

"And a cat can scratch. If you don't believe it," continued Joe, "just put a kitten on a girl's shoulder and pull it away suddenly, and hear what she says. For shooting, a gun is the thing. And for kicking, give me a mule like Maud in the spring of the year."

VIII.

OE went home after his discharge from the army, and was sent off to school "to fit him for college and society," as he afterwards said, the fact being that his family was a little bit ashamed of him.

Now at the school with Joe, in the preparatory department, there happened to be three Japanese boys, sent from home to acquire the English language and a "western" education.

They were a little younger than Joe and a good deal smaller in size.

They interested Joe immensely. Their modest ways and unfailing politeness, were so different from the manners of most boys, that he took to them immediately.

One reason for this might have been, that they knew too little of the language to notice his "crudities of speech;" or else they were too polite to repeat them in derision, which was more than could be said of some of the others. The little fellows seemed to be equally interested in the big specimen from the western world. One especially, Kosaku by name, was said to be a prince, or something of the kind, in his own country, as the boys had it. The fact was,

however, that he only belonged to an old Samurai family, whose rank had been abolished, under the new order of things, and his people reduced to agriculture, which is the next highest grade to the fighting literati, of which the nobility is composed.

The companionship of these two soon became established; and it was odd to see them going about together, reminding the boys of a big "St. Bernard" and a "black and tan." So they nicknamed Joe, "The Saint," and the Jap. "Tanny."

One day Joe and his little friend were poring over their lessons together, when Tanny said,

"I find not the word you say in the book; what does it signify?"

"What book are you looking in?" said Joe.

"English Dictionary," replied Tanny.

"O! the devil," said Joe, "look in the United States Dictionary. I talk American, *I* do."

The boy looked puzzled, and Joe went on: "Look here, Tanny, I'll give it to you straight. The quicker you and your people drop to it, that this country is not English, the sooner you will get there."

"Hai!" said Tanny—an exclamation of politeness, which the Japanese use to indicate that they have heard and understood; a phrase

employed frequently when the listener is intently interested.

"Thought all spoke same," said Tanny.

"No they don't, by a jug full," said Joe. "Some of the fellows here try to talk English. It makes me sick, their "hālfs" and "cālfs" and "lāughs." I'd a durned sight rather hear Dutch or Dago and done with it."

"Dago?—where that they speak?"

"O! that is 'greaser;' 'savey?'"

It need hardly be said that Joe was heartily hated by some of the pupils in the school.

Joe did not finish his college course. He never seemed to take much pride in it himself, from which it is fair to infer that he did not stand very high in his studies.

Nevertheless, Joe managed to pick up the rudiments of a pretty fair education, mainly, no doubt, through his efforts to help his little friends, who were engaged in a quadruple fight with occidental language, science, literature and religion.

It is true he could not help his friends very much against any of these enemies, except, perhaps the first. Many were the linguistic tangles he straightened out in his way, however, and, virtue had its reward. In helping his friends it came about in the course of time, that he could,

in a crude sort of way, make himself understood by them, in their "kotoba," or "lingo," as Joe called it.

One day a couple of the older boys came to him to invite him to join them in a little innocent "hazing" of some new comers. Joe listened to them attentively until they had fully explained what they proposed to do, and then asked,

"Why do you come to me about it? Why don't you do it yourselves? There are enough of you who like that sort of thing, and, of course, to you who like it, it's just what you like.

"O!" said the speaker, with a patronizing air, "You have been here long enough, and we thought you would like to be asked to join us in the fun."

"No," said Joe, "You are not giving it straight. The fact is you are afraid that gawk, from over in Canada, might prove too much for you."

The boys admitted pleasantly that there might be something in that. But insisted that the thing ought to be done, "to take the conceit out of them," as they said.

"Say, fellows," said Joe, "why didn't you haze me when I first came here?"

“O!” said one, “you didn’t need it, you had been around some.”

“No, that isn’t it,” said Joe, “for if ever a fellow did need hazing, it was *me*, and you knew it. Just leave those fellows alone for a while, and if they are not natural born fools, they will find out themselves that they don’t know it all, by a jug-full.”

There was more to the discussion, and Joe came very near losing his temper; but the “jig” did not come off; and, somehow, the practice seemed to die out during the course of that year.

It may be mentioned that some of these same boys, whom Joe had saved from humiliation on this occasion, were at that very time, making fun of him behind his back. Still, it is believed, that before the close of Joe’s second year in the school—such is the nature of the average boy—had there been occasion, Joe could have “mustered a gang,” from the classes above and below him, as well as from his own, which, though composed largely of the most timid boys in the school, could have “cleaned out” the larger “hālſ” of the institution. Such was their loyalty and devotion to him as a leader.

When it came to the vacation following Joe’s first year in school, to the surprise of his people,

Joe decided to remain and work, to "catch up" in some of his studies. This was extremely gratifying to his father, especially as he now began to have "some hopes of him," as he said.

The explanation was not far to seek, however. His Japanese friends were doing the same.

Two of these boys were brothers, sons of a rich tea merchant, who was anxious they should have every advantage. One, the younger, though very bright, did not seem to possess a strong constitution; and in the second winter began to fail in health. With his brother he was called home to Japan, where, the following year, he died.

It is related of this little fellow, that not long after Joe first came to the school, "Tozo" was heard refer to one of the professors as a "cuss." This came to the ears of the professor as a "good joke." He, nevertheless, thought it his duty to say something to the boy, of whom he was very fond.

So, one day calling the little fellow to his side, he told him he must not refer to other people as "cusses."

"Why?" asked the boy, in innocent surprise.

"Because it is not respectful, and is liable to misconstruction."


"The Saint called *me* 'little cuss,' and he likes me, does he not?"

"Doubtless," said the professor, "but then you must not use the word again until you have become somewhat more familiar with the nature of the English language."

The boy went straight to Joe, and told him what the professor had said, and asked an explanation.

"Why, the poor old cuss!" said Joe, "I guess he doesn't know that word is American, and sometimes means—angel!"

IX.

OON after the brothers went home, Tanny was also sent for, the appropriation in Japan for foreign educational purposes having been exhausted.

It was bad enough for both Tanny and the Saint when the brothers left; but when Tanny himself had to go, Joe was "all broke up," and though he made a brave effort to go on with his studies as usual, he soon began to fall in class standing. To some of his other friends, and he

had plenty of them in the school, he admitted that he "did miss the little cusses." He could not seem to understand why he could not "hold up," as he called it. He studied as hard as ever. The fact was, having no one to help out, he spent less time over the hard knots than in undoing those that "pulled easy," and so he fell behind.

As before said, though he had plenty of friends, there were none to take the place of his little absent companions; and it was noticed by the faculty with some concern, that he was making acquaintances outside among the "town boys." He had been seen riding in a buggy with a young livery-stable keeper, behind a pair of horses said to be "fast."

Several times Joe seemed to be "ailing;" his eyes were bloodshot, and one forenoon he was actually caught nodding during recitation; on which occasion one of his classmates said significantly to another, that he guessed "the Saint had been out last night." Joe began to write to his father more frequently than had been his wont, for "a little more money." "Only a few dollars," he said, to enable him to "hold up his end," etc.

At the close of the session, as a result of the examinations, Joe dropped in standing, from

above the middle of his class, to very near the foot.

In transmitting the yearly report of progress to Joe's father, the faculty "regretted exceedingly that they had not been able to surround his son with those influences which it was their earnest desire, in all cases, to have resemble as nearly as possible those of a well ordered home. In fact, he had made certain social connections outside of the institution, of which they could not heartily approve, and which it might be as well to interrupt, at least for a time."

The meaning of all this was plain enough to Joe's father, as it was intended to be, and Joe never returned to the school.

On arriving at home, Joe expected "a time" with his father, and was not disappointed.

In justice to Joe's father, it must be said, however, that he urged him to "stay at home, behave himself, and help run the place for a while."

"No," said Joe, "I am not going to disgrace the family that way, anyhow."

On being asked what he could do, or where he could go, he replied,

"Never mind about that. If I have got to be ordered around all my life, I know a place

where some of the bosses at least, know their business."

Now Joe's immediate family, beside his father, consisted of two brothers, older than himself, and a sister, younger; his mother having died when he was a small boy.

With his brothers he "never could get along;" with his sister, however, the case was entirely different, and when it came to saying good bye to her, she asked,

"O! Joe, where are you going? What will you do? What can you do?"

"Never mind, Martha, there are some things that even *I* can do. And I know two places that almost any young fellow can get into without much trouble for a term, may be for life."

"What do you mean, Joe?"

"The penitentiary and the army."

"O! Joe!" and the girl burst into tears.

"Don't cry, sister, I will try the last first," said Joe; and, in a more cheerful tone, trying to comfort her, "who knows, may be I might win a commission. I have been to school some, you know."

"Could you, Joe?" asked the girl.

"Lightning strikes in queer places sometimes; and the chances among places are about equal," was the reply.

"Try and be good, won't you, Joe?—for my sake."

"I don't know about being good, Martha, but I will try," said Joe, as he took her in his arms and kissed her many times.

Joe said long afterwards, that but for that sister he believed he would have "fetched up" in the other of the two situations more than once.

When next heard of, Joe was serving with the cavalry, on guard in the Yellowstone National Park.

Exciting as the service was at times, Joe tired of it, and wanted a change. So, when his enlistment was up, with a good discharge, he went to San Francisco and enlisted in the artillery, saying by way of explanation, that he supposed the "U. S." brand had been so burnt into him that he would never get it out, whether he ever got anything out of it, or not.

Again he was out of luck. The battery to which he belonged, was ordered to Fort Canby, in the State of Washington, more "out of civilization," as Joe said, than the Yellowstone Park.

Here he put in a couple of years, and having "come into some money," he took his discharge and went back to San Francisco.

One of Joe's last acts in the "U. S." service, was to volunteer as a substitute in a life-saving crew at Fort Canby, where he assisted not only in saving the lives of some of the others of the crew, who were "knocked out," but in bringing to land seventeen people from the wrecked steamer, "Point Loma," which went to pieces on North Beach, Washington, February 28, 1896.

Joe received his discharge, and read what had been put under the heading of "Character," and the usual certificate, that "this soldier's service has been faithful," which the law requires in order that he may draw his final pay. To this last had been added one word, "galantry," doubtless having reference to his recent brave conduct.

Saxton, having doffed his uniform, came up to the Captain, and stood with his hat in his hand in front of his breast, head bent slightly forward, as he stood before the recruiting officer when he first enlisted, his eyes a "liquid blue," more like those of a gentle woman than of a strapping "six-footer."

"I have come to say good bye, Captain. About that you put on my discharge, I haven't got a word to say; talk is too cheap."

"Good bye," said the Captain, putting out his hand for Joe's; and repeating "good bye" as

they clasped with one quick downward motion, characteristic of the American hand-shake, they parted; Joe forgetting to say the final words, or to put on his hat until he had got some distance away.

X.



JOE was next heard of on board of one of the steamers before mentioned, *en route* for Japan. He still thought of his little friends of nine years before.

The elder of the brothers, having finished his education in Japan, was now a professor in one of the excellent institutions of learning in that country, and married. His wife, as pretty as the day he got her from her father, was even more bewitching in her young matronly ways, than the bashful child her husband negotiated for through friends, six years before. Still, deep down in her Japanese heart she had a small secret sorrow.

Her husband, though he himself usually wore European dress, never encouraged her to adopt the fashion of her western sisters; and he positively forbade her either to blacken her

teeth or shave her eye-brows, the sign that she was married, and done with the frivolities of life. He slyly intimated to her, that he had no fears of her falling in love with anybody else, as long as she had him; and as for others falling in love with her, well, that was their lookout.

She did, however, without opposition, change the style of "doing her hair," from the two parts into which it is divided before marriage, to the single roll at the back indicating the matron.

One day she had her maid do it up somewhat in European style, and twisted around on the back of her head.

She expected her husband would say something about it when he came home. But he did not. In fact he never seemed to notice the change. Instead, he talked all through the mid-day meal about the pretty girls he had seen in America. As she walked with him out to the veranda, through the sliding door, when he was returning to the college, he said, patting her on the cheek,

"I have seen some pretty women in Japan, too, since I came back."

After that, she always wore her hair that way; at least, until she saw two European ladies following a different style.

The husband, even as a boy at school in America, had always been rather taciturn—lacking the sprightliness of his younger brother, or the roguish enterprise of “Tanny.”

Studios industry and a conscientious thoroughness in everything he undertook, were characteristic of him; and he was often left out of the fun the other boys engaged in.

He had no nick-name, as his smaller brother had, but as he was the largest of the three, the brothers were sometimes spoken of as the “big” and “little” “Japs,” by the other boys.

Professor Okii welcomed Joe warmly when they met in Tokyo. Joe, however, did most of the talking, until a door opened and a woman stood in the entrance, making a low bow to the host. All arose from their chairs, and as she came inside the host uttered the simple words, “my wife.” Instead of bowing to the company, as she had done before to her husband, the Professor’s wife walked straight up to Joe, and putting out her pretty little hand, said in Japanese, “This is Mr. Saxton, I know;” then turning and bowing, she added, “Glad to see the Doctor, too. When did you come up from Yokohama?”

“To-day,” was the reply.

"But why did you not bring him before? The steamer has been in a week, has it not?"

"The fact is that another of Mr. Saxton's schoolmates got hold of him as soon as he landed; and, as he says, he has been showing him all the "good places" about the city.

"O! you mean Mr. Kosaku; I shall scold him with a stick when we see him again, shall we not?" glancing at her husband, who, smiling assent, seemed to be willing his wife should do all the talking, as well as the beating; then addressing Joe direct, she asked,

"Mr. Saxton—(Saxtonsan, she called him)—have you seen anything in Japan to admire?"

"Lots of things," said Joe.

"What most?" she again asked.

"The women," was the reply, as Joe stared down on the little lady, who stood quite near.

"My husband says all the American ladies are lovely; does he speak truth?"

"I guess so," said Joe, "our girls are queens."

"But then you are not English—they have the Queen."

"We are about forty million times better off in that respect than they are," said Joe.

The professor laughed, and making a slight motion, his wife turned to a little table saying, "please be seated, gentlemen, and have a cup

of tea," and as she handed Joe his cup in a little oval dish, she added with a sigh,

"I should like very much to visit America."

Joe took the cup, and raising it to his lips, from sheer force of habit, uttered the single word, "How"—which means, in American, everything polite—and after emptying it, replaced it on the table, saying,

"Come over with your husband; we Americans will try to treat you right, and will do our best to make that "riffraff," lately from across the other big water, do so too, won't we Doctor?"

It will be readily guessed that the professor had coached his charming little wife somewhat as to American manners and customs.

He had even explained to her the difference between the American and the English manner of shaking hands, so that when she gave her's to Joe in greeting, it took the same direction in movement as did his; and it never occurred to him that there was anything at all strange in a Japanese lady's shaking hands with a friend, or with the friend of her husband.

Joe's comments after leaving the house—and a charming little bungalow it was, with its pretty miniature garden at the back—were characteristic.

“Isn’t she pretty? Why we see in all the pictures on fans and things, little slits for eyes, cut bias, and all that sort of thing. Did you notice that when she came in, her eyes were wide open and straight as anybody’s, making a fellow feel that he was well acquainted! And her hand—well, it is no use to talk about that. It did seem a little queer for her to be in her stocking feet, especially with the big toe off to one side by itself like a hand in a mitten.

“And clothes—I wonder if they make them themselves? Not a color, outside, that I could see, except that bow, or something in her hair. All just “sky-blue-pinks” and “baby-blues;” and that outside wrap, a sort of “morning gray,” as they call it in “the Rockies” when it is going to be a fine day. No jewelry anywhere, except that ring on her finger! But, O! Lordy! how bound up about the legs! How she handled herself so easily was a mystery. Why a horse hobbled like that would break his neck getting out of the stable. But she managed somehow! Maybe it was because there were no hooks and eyes, buttons, strings, pins or buckles, that I could see; only just that wide circingle all stuffed underneath with something, and done up at the back, that made her bigger around the barrel than anywhere else. Say,

Doctor, wouldn't you like to see her bare foot? I should."

"Pshaw, Joe," replied his friend, "you can see plenty of that sort of thing around here."

"O, yes! But that is not what I mean. Just take either of her's, and I'll bet Trilby wouldn't be in it."

"Joe, you talk as if you were in love with the professor's wife."

"Of course I am; how could anybody help it?"

"But how about those others? The 'Spanish Beauty,' for instance, that you used to know when you travelled with the 'Great Combination.' Then that 'Native Daughter of the Golden West,' from 'Eden Valley,' the 'Belle of the Bush,' you called her, I think.

"And since you came over here, there is 'Machiko,' 'Chrysanthemum,' 'Ohana San,' and—"

"O! Doctor, come off," cried Joe, "don't throw up to a fellow all the times he may ever have been in love, just when he is trying his best to mend his ways."

"I am afraid, Joe," said his friend, "you will not find Japan the best place in the world for that."

XI.



WHEN Joe arrived in Japan, "Tanny" was promptly on hand to welcome him.

Joe hardly recognized his little friend of years before. There was less change in Joe. As might have been expected, Tanny had finished his growth, as well as his education. The uniform of a staff officer, together with a decided "military bearing," gave his appearance so much dignity, that Joe hardly knew how to greet him, and had it not been for a certain roguish expression in his eye, with perhaps a suspicion of a tear, as he came up to Joe holding out his open hand for a good old shake, perhaps Joe, as he took it with the grasp of a frontiersman, would not have found so much use for his other hand on the back of the officer's uniform. At the same time Joe mixed up his English with certain Japanese expressions he had always been fond of using, in a way that astonished the by-standers.

It was not until after dinner at the hotel, where all through the meal they sat almost silent, listening to the music of the band of the U. S. man-of-war, "Olympia," which played on shore,

and afterwards, as they strolled along the "Bund" in the moonlight, that these two old chums really "got together again," as Joe expressed it.

After that it need hardly be said they saw a good deal of each other in Japan; in fact they lived together for a considerable time.

Tanny, on his return from America, had been placed in the Military Academy at Tokyo, from which, in due time, he graduated with high honors, and was assigned to a department having to do with arsenals and gunnery.

Before Joe arrived in Japan, Kosaku had seen considerable service, fighting all through the Chinese war, and coming out with a decoration of high order from the Emperor.

Such decorations are given under monarchies for "distinguished service," and they carry pensions for life. In Japan all pensions and salaries are small, still the decoration added something to the pay of Kosaku's grade, and he was very proud of it, although he said little about it.

In the correspondence between Joe and his friend, Kosaku had frequently urged Joe to come over and visit him, promising to show him "all the good places in Japan," and faithfully

indeed Kosaku made good his word when Joe came.

In one part of the country which they visited together, very few *ijinsan* (foreigners), had ever been seen; and Joe's European dress, as well as his size and "coloring," attracted a great deal of attention. So they decided to don Japanese costume.

Now this was all very well for Tanny, but Joe soon got enough of it.

One evening as they were going out, Tanny came into Joe's room all ready dressed, and looking at his watch, said, "it is time to start; get on your kimono and we will be off."

"No," said Joe, "I am going just as I am. The fact is, Tanny, that racket don't work."

"Why, what is the matter?"

O! it is all right for you, and would be for me, if I could reduce my size, paint my eyes, and keep my mouth shut; but it's no use. Besides, your people don't seem to hate Americans anyhow, and nobody ever mistakes me twice for an Englishman; and I would just as lief they knew what I am as not."

Now, it is believed that Joe was not entirely frank in this statement; the fact being that he rather enjoyed the "racket," as he called it, and didn't mind attracting attention at all. Still,

one defect in Joe's character was very marked. Though a merciless wag himself, he could not bear to be laughed at, especially by "the girls."

XII.



T was a warm summer night in Japan. The festival of the Heavenly Lady was at its height; and the streets of the Yoshiwara district of Tokyo were a blaze of light.

The inhabitants of the district, not content with the gas and electric light of modern times, had hung the balconies and eaves of the buildings on both sides of the street, with myriads of colored lanterns and transparencies; while across, and up and down, long lines and festoons of the same gave to the scene a brilliancy and variety in coloring which paled the full moon and bright blue of the Japanese summer sky. The sound of the samisen, everywhere mingled with that of the flute, harp, and drums of all sizes and tones, filled the air with the noise of merrymaking.

On the sides of the streets in front of certain buildings, temporary stages had been erected,

where ancient pantomimes and dances were being performed, while parties of fantastically dressed men passed up and down, bearing transparencies and banners decked with flowers.

The sound of the wooden clogs, and the slip, slip, of the sandals on the feet of the people, as they walked slowly along, singing their peculiar songs, mingled with shouts in a strange language, made a scene of festivity difficult to describe. But there was another feature of this district, the like of which is to be encountered nowhere else in the world. The only thing bearing any resemblance to it is to be seen sometimes in Mohammedan countries, where women are concealed behind a lattice, or thin curtain, through which they see and hear, perhaps imperfectly, while they themselves are shielded from the public gaze.

But this, like almost every other custom of other countries, is reversed in Japan.

On the ground floors of the buildings, on both sides of the streets, are rooms richly decorated and brilliantly lighted, open to the street, except for a grating of iron bars, like the cages of animals and birds on exhibition in a menagerie. In these cages companies of girls, richly dressed in the most tasteful costumes, painted and powdered as for the stage, are on exhibition.

One of the party had witnessed many carnivals in foreign lands, as well as some not of a merrymaking character in his own. He had seen acres of field and wooded country strewn with the dead and dying, in uniforms of blue and gray; and had been present where, not dozens, or hundreds, but thousands of wounded had been gathered into hospitals; and where, while being operated upon or treated, great numbers had died. Many a young life went out, while parents, brothers and sisters stood around the iron cot, hoping against hope, until the last breath was drawn. And yet, no gayer nor sadder sight did he ever see than when walking along the streets, or gazing through the bars of the cages of these birds of brilliant plumage, in the city of Tokyo.

On the night referred to at the opening of this chapter, Carl Steinberg was passing along the street; the throng in the middle of which, made it necessary, or easier for progress, to walk close to the buildings on one side. He passed by cage after cage, counting the occupants of each by a system of quick division into threes, following a habit, scarcely pausing in his walk, except occasionally to avoid a collision with others going in the opposite direction, or to pass around some one leaning on the guard

rail and gazing into a room. In this way he had nearly passed one of the exhibits, in which the girls sat around in a semi-circle, the ends of which were close to the bars in front. The throng in the street was so great that his left elbow was carried over the rail, to economize space in moving along. As he neared the end of the row, he heard the single word, "ijinsan," (stranger,) spoken by a girl at the end of the line inside the room, and looking up, he met a gaze of recognition from a pair of dark eyes.

It was, by no means an unusual thing for a passer-by to be recognized or spoken to, in an unobtrusive way, by those inside the cages; but something in that look impressed him as he passed along. Where had he seen that face before? He had never been inside of that house, and this was his first visit to that district at night. But the look haunted him, and pausing for a moment, to think, he turned and slowly walked back. As he approached from the opposite direction and came suddenly into view, he found himself again face to face with the girl, who had twisted around as she sat on her feet on a crimson cushion, and grasping the bars with both hands had placed her face close to them, where, with head turned, she had kept him in view as long as possible. In this position

he surprised her, their faces coming near together. The girl drew back, releasing one hand from the bar, and then the other, and straightening herself, as she sat back upon her feet, she still looked at him.

Surely he had seen her face before. But, it could not matter much, and as he dropped his eyes and was turning to go she spoke again:

“Ohairi, nasai,” (come, please.)

Again he looked at her. There was no smile upon her face, and her eyes had that look of mingled hope and fear we sometimes see in the presence of dreaded loss. Carl now looked until the girl dropped her eyes; then, determined to set all doubt at rest, he turned, saying in Japanese, “I will.”

He went to the entrance, where the keeper and his assistants sat in a little pen behind a low railing, at the inside; he explained what he wanted, while attendants took off his shoes, furnishing instead a pair of sandals; after which he was conducted to a room on the floor above.

This room was entirely bare of furniture, except a flower-pot before a kakemono at one side, and several square lanterns or lamps, inclosed in paper screens, and standing upon legs. The ceiling was low, and the frames of the sliding screen doors on three sides scarcely

high enough to admit one of his stature without stooping. The floor was covered with thick matting, which yielded to the pressure of the foot, while several square cushions were lying about, the whole flooded with a soft and pleasant light.

By the time Carl had taken in these surroundings—and it required but a moment—a sliding door was moved back by a girl kneeling outside, and the young woman already mentioned stood at the entrance, holding the laps of her kimono, slightly raised from the floor in front, and drawn tightly about her body. Her whole dress and toilet had that perfect harmony of coloring and drapery, to which description can hardly do justice.

Her figure was slight, appearing still smaller on account of her Japanese costume; and her every movement, when free, was characterized by modest gracefulness.

Many Japanese women are fairer than some of their Caucasian sisters; but this was not the case with this girl. She resembled the Spanish brunette, having also the large and prominent eyes of those famous beauties. The dress she wore was the same in style and colors as that of her companions; in fact, it was the uniform of the establishment, a little variety in

the ornamentation of the hair being the only difference noticeable among the occupants.

While Carl stood in the middle of the room and looked, the girl by two or three short, quick steps crossed the threshold, and dropping upon her knees, placed her hands upon the matting in front, and brought her forehead low enough to touch her hands. Raising her head with a glance upwards, in answer to Carl's "comban wa," she again bowed her head as before and rose to a position of sitting on her feet.

As Carl advanced she stood up. Again she looked him in the face with the same expression which had so impressed him at first, but still she was silent. A strange meeting, one might think, and yet the Japanese custom.

Carl scarcely knew what to say, forgetful for the moment of his object in having her called up.

Recovering his memory, however, he asked, "Well, my girl, where have I seen you before?"

"At the end of the street. He does not remember?"

"No," said Carl, "I do not remember. When was it?"

"When sick," she answered.

"O, you mean at the hospital at the end of the street, when you were sick."

"So desu," was the answer,—the expression meaning "yes, if it pleases you."

"Yes, yes, now I remember," said Carl.

In one of his visits to the hospital of the Yoshiwara, "at the end of the street," Carl had, at the request of the house surgeon, examined a number of patients and recommended certain treatment; one of these was this girl, who was then suffering from an attack of pneumonia, which had passed its second stage, with much prostration, the issue being extremely doubtful. In this case he had recommended some change in the medicine she was taking, with the administration of certain stimulants, which was done, with rapid recovery as the result.

The girl made no reply, and Carl continued: "Why did you wish me to come in here? What can I do for you?"

There was that in his voice, perhaps, which for the first time engendered hope in the mind of this poor creature, and looking up into his face, she said:

"Take me from this place."

This brought Carl to his senses. He took his hand from her shoulder, and drew back, looking at her.

XIII.



DOWN upon her knees the girl dropped, and bending forward, she placed her forehead on the backs of her hands, which were upon the floor, as if struck down by the look he gave her. In this position she remained like a helpless animal in expectation of a blow from an offended master, and the hand it loves.

Carl stood over her, but looking down—presently his heart seemed to cease its beating, though his face flushed, and the tears started from his eyes. With a sudden impulse, and a determination to go to the bottom of this matter, he sat down beside her on the floor. He touched her on the shoulder, indicating that he wished her to sit up, and with a kindly voice asked:

“How can I?”

The girl sat back upon her feet, placed her hands upon her doubled knees, and looked him earnestly in the face. Her eyes were now red from weeping, and were still running over with tears, yet she made no sound.

Presently, having framed other words, Carl asked:

“Why do you wish me to take you from here?”

Slowly she answered, speaking every word distinctly, that he might be sure to understand:

“If you do not take me away, he will come, and I must go to him. He knows that I am here; and he told the tea-house people that he would come for me to-night.”

“But who is *he*? Who are you afraid of?”

“The saké merchant, of the Willow Bridge. He will come. He is not kind; but I did not much care for that, until now when I think only of the stranger who saved my life.”

“But how was that?—I did nothing.”

“O, yes! you did. They all said, but for you I should have died. You told them what to do. Now I am well again, but O! so unhappy!”

Carl sprang to his feet and took a quick turn or two up and down the room—partly to hide his feelings—but mainly to gain time to think.

His resolution was soon taken. He slid back an inner door, stepped out upon the narrow passage surrounding the court, and clapped his hands. Almost instantly a servant appeared.

“Tell the man below I want to see him,” said Carl.

“Hai,” replied the girl, and hastened off.

Carl waited outside until the keeper came, by which time he had written something in a little blank book he took from his pocket, and tearing out the leaf, as the man approached, handed it to him.

"Hai," said the man, and stood waiting for something further.

"Yes; and send us some supper," added Carl taking out his purse and handing him some money.

"The change will be here in a moment," said the man as he turned away.

"Never mind the change," said Carl.

The keeper came back all smiles.

"Will the gentleman have tea or saké with the supper?"

"Both," said Carl with impressive bluntness.

"How many *geisha*?" asked the keeper.

"None," said Carl. The man walked away, chuckling, "Ah! these festivals. They always bring good business."

Carl replaced his purse in his pocket, and returned to the room.

The girl arose from the floor where she had remained while he was gone, and meeting him as he approached, placed both hands on his shoulders. Looking him in the face, her eyes

now aglow with pride and content, she said, as Carl looked down upon her:

“Now let him come ; let him come. I do not care, I do not care.”

The Japanese have a way of giving assent to a question, or agreeing to a proposition by repeating it after the inquirer. They also emphasize a remark by repeating it, as above; although the emphasis is often given in the mildest of tones.

Presently a door was moved back a few inches, and some one spoke through the opening. Carl did not catch the words, and so the girl took him by the hand, and led him out of the room. They passed along the inner balcony around the court for some distance, and up a short flight of steps, into a part of the building which seemed to be arranged on a somewhat different plan from the side facing on the main street. The servant leading the way, stopped at a door, and indicated that this was their destination. Carl entered, and the girl, excusing herself, went away with the maid.

Carl saw that this room had been fitted up with some attempt to meet the requirements of Europeans, as all foreigners from the Western world are called.

It was evidently a room for the entertainment of guests, and not one usually occupied by inmates of the house.

A metal dish of radish-seed oil, with a wick protruding from a lip at one side, served as a lamp. Around this, attached to a frame, which also formed the legs of the stand, inside of which the lamp rested, were paper sides, one of which was capable of being moved up and down for opening and closing.

Two ordinary windows on sides at right angles to each other, showed that the room was at the corner of the house. These looked out into narrow dark spaces, and being open, showed a grating of iron bars. Through these windows came faintly from the streets, the sounds of merrymaking.

Carl sat down on the edge of a couch, and a servant entered and placed before him a small lacquered table, about two by two and a half feet square, and twelve or fourteen inches high. Another brought in a fire box, with its miniature Mt. Fuji of ashes in the centre, surmounted by a half buried coal of fire. As she pushed it towards him over the matting, a third entered with a tray bearing tea-pot and cups, with small lacquered dishes of sweetmeats, and placed it on the table before him. A fourth now

appeared, whose business seemed to be to see that all was right. Other articles were brought in, as the servant girls came and went, never hurrying about anything, especially as to going away. One saw to the lamp, another adjusted the pillows and smoothed the covering of the couch, while a third lowered and raised the window sashes. All chatted and seemed disposed to make things pleasant by well chosen compliments.

Carl moved about the room a little, trying his best to appear at his ease, kindly but covertly gratifying the Japanese curiosity to see the "ijinsan" on all sides, and to hear him talk.

Presently there appeared at the entrance another. Carl scarcely recognized her at first. It seemed that in the short time she had been gone, she had changed everything she had worn before.

As she entered, no woman could have been received with more evidence of respect by her friends and admirers, and no lady could have acknowledged it with more kindly grace.

Every trace of paint and powder had disappeared from her face and neck. Even the little vermillion patch on the lower lip was gone; and her pretty, even teeth, when she smiled, were

more like pearls than ever, as she stood amongst her friends chatting pleasantly.

Her dress now was simplicity itself. Her abundant black hair had been taken down, all ornaments removed, and it was now done up with a twist at the back, which brought into strong relief her small, shapely head, with its "Mt. Fuji forehead," one of the important "points" in estimating the beauty of a Japanese woman.

Her kimono was a delicate shade of blue, almost white, of some soft material, lined with a darker stuff, seen in the wide sleeves and at the borders. The almost ever-present obi, was now absent; her drapery being kept together by one hand, while the other carried a fan.

XIV.



AS Carl gazed at this oriental beauty, he saw in memory others, of a different type, it is true, in far distant lands; and compared them one with another, and not to the disadvantage of the one before him.

The maids came and went, bringing in the supper for two. The tea things being removed from the little table, and placed upon the floor, their places were taken by dishes containing the supper proper. One of these, a lacquered bowl, contained soup, almost colorless, in which were pieces of solid food of some kind floating about. Another contained small pieces of boiled fowl, taro, lotus and other vegetables, with little dumplings made from bean flour and chestnuts, the table being finally completely covered by small dishes, containing sauces, pickled radish, fried eel and thin slices of raw fish. There were no knives, forks, spoons, glassware or bread. The soup, or bouillon, which it most resembled, was to be drunk from the bowl; the solid pieces to be pushed into the mouth with the chop-sticks. The saké, in its bottle of white and blue china, sitting in a little wooden box near by, on the floor, was served hot, in the smallest of semi-transparent cups. The tea was handed around in somewhat larger china cups, on little bronze saucers having projections on opposite sides, which served for holding.

These details always interested Carl wherever he encountered them; and for the first few times they were anything but reassuring to a

hungry man hoping to make out a meal. It all seemed so much like children's playing at housekeeping. He soon found, however, that if he did anything like justice to what was set before him, there came in time the comfortable sense of having dined.

During the meal, which took an hour, much interest was shown by the girls in Carl's awkward use of the chopsticks; seeing which, he pretended to be less skilful than he really was. All laughed at him, and one after another insisted on helping him with some special morsel, to his mouth. He drank several cups of that delicate Japanese tea, the most sleep-destroying potion yet discovered, a fact he well knew, but did not consider on this occasion; for little indeed did he expect to sleep that night anyway. He was growing reckless, and when one of the maids held up the saké bottle, he reached for it with an eagerness that surprised her. Drawing back, instead of surrendering the bottle, she picked up and handed him the cup, which had been in front of him all the time. This she filled for him, and he drank it at a gulp, almost forgetting to bow to her and the others, or to thank the waiter with the polite "oki ni arigato."

After emptying the cup, he dipped it in the silver bowl of water, for that purpose, on the table, and handed it across to the girl opposite, who received it with a low bow and the usual "thank you," and held it towards him, while he poured from the bottle. With another bow she carried it to her lips; and though the tiny vessel had not been more than half full, Carl saw that she only tasted it, deftly letting the remainder mingle with the water in the bowl, as she rinsed the cup in turn.

Carl drank three bottles of the potent liquor, called "wine of rice," bearing some resemblance to a heavy sherry, with a peculiar flavor; and to his surprise he scarcely felt it; nor until the next day was he fully aware of what he had done.

As the meal drew to a close, and the servants began to remove the dishes, he longed for his old brown meerschaum,—a beautifully carved dog's head as large as his fist, with its amber mouth-piece and bands of gold, inscribed with certain initials and a date—one of the prize pieces from the Vienna Exposition, years ago, and the gift of a dear friend.

Instead of this the girl produced a silver and bronze article, little more than a long tube, it seemed to Carl, with a small crook at one end

forming the bowl, capable of containing a pellet of fuzzy fine-cut tobacco, which was of light color, and about the size of a pea. This pipe she proceeded to fill from a little pouch, more like a lady's portmonnaie than anything else, and, touching the protruding pellet to the live coal representing the crater of Mount Fuji in the fire-box near at hand, she drew one small puff, and neatly wiping the mouth-piece, passed it over the table to Carl. He took the pipe with a bow of thanks, and a faint forced smile upon his face, and drawing two or three puffs—with no sign of finish—the girl reached for it, accompanying the motion by a look of apprehension. Carl surrendered the toy, thinking she perhaps wished to finish the load herself. Instead, however, she emptied it into the section of bamboo, standing in one corner of the box, that also contained the fire-box, giving the pipe two or three short taps on the rim of the box. Then blowing through the tube, she proceeded to refill and hand the pipe over as before, saying, however, as she did so, this time:


“Only three breaths.”

This procedure was repeated several times, while the servants were putting things to rights about the room, when Carl declined the pipe, having had enough of this “playing at smoke.”

The girl now took her turn, smoking two or three pipes, chatting pleasantly the while mostly with the other women.

After the table was removed from in front of of him, Carl got up from his seat on the couch, stretched himself, and walked about the room, trying to think.

XV.

T was getting late, and the servants, three in number now, arranged themselves at last in line near the sliding door, where, with a concerted movement, all bowed low, uttered the good night, "sayonara," backed out of the room and closed the screen.

Carl stood looking after them a moment, and then went over and sat down again on the side of the bed. Placing his elbows on his knees, he dropped his head into his hands, partly covering his face, and remained motionless.

Before leaving the house Carl determined to learn, if possible, something more of Bamboo's history. So, presently, he said:

"Sit here. I want to talk to you."

She did as she was told, and sat down by his side.

"Tell me your name."

"They call me here the "Young Bamboo;" but that is not my real name."

"Why do they call you that?"

"Because I came from the country, and they think it fits me, because I am so tall and straight."

"When did you come here?" asked Carl.

"When the plum blossoms were falling."

"This year?"

"Yes."

"Who put you here?"

"The saké merchant."

Carl gave up his questioning, as the hour was late. In fact, while she answered his last question, the clock in the tower on the house rang out twelve. As the last stroke was counted, another bell, somewhere in the neighborhood, took up the measure, but in an entirely different tone, and ceased at the number *nine*, indicating in their different ways, both the modern and ancient Japanese modes of marking the hour of midnight.

The keeper of the house had said that all would be quiet at midnight. Perhaps that was the rule, but it certainly did not work on this

occasion. It seemed rather to be the signal for the beginning of fresh revelry. From the street, the court, the passages and the rooms on all sides, came sounds of festivity and frolic. Songs of men and women, mingled with the sounds of all the kinds of musical instruments known to the East, and last, though not least, the periodical knocking together of sticks of some sharply sonorous hard-wood, by the watchmen, as they passed up and down, in and out of the house, would have kept a corpse awake.

But Carl needed none of these to banish sleep that night. The throbbing of his own heart, driving the blood in torrents to his overwrought brain, produced a species of delirium, at times, as he lay upon his bed, making it all seem like some hideous dream.

At the first streak of dawn he arose, and dressing himself quietly stole away, meeting no one as he went out, except the sleepy guard at the entrance, where he put on his shoes. A short walk through the street, which showed on every side signs of recent revelry, brought him to the gate-way, with its Chinese characters over the top. Here, securing a jinrikisha, in which the owner had been sitting asleep, with his feet upon the ground, he was soon trundling

along towards his hotel, nearly an hour's ride away. What his thoughts were, as he rode through the streets that morning, his head rolling from side to side in weariness and pain, we will not pretend to say. Perhaps he scarcely thought at all.

XVI.



At this time, the ship to which the doctor had been ordered was cruising in the Western Pacific, and he had expected to join her at Hongkong. But, on arriving in Japan, he was informed at the ministry, that she had left that port and gone to Korea, and that it was expected she would touch at a Japanese port on her return.

The uncertainty of her movements was a source of anxiety to Carl on several accounts. One of which was, that his finances were running low. It is true, that on leaving Europe he had drawn advance mileage; but his stay in Japan had been so prolonged, that he feared, it would soon become necessary to get an advance upon his pay, if he remained ashore.

Had it not been for this financial embarrassment, perhaps the solution of the problem, on which his mind dwelt all the day following his night in the Yoshiwara, might have been easier. He could think of no way to benefit the poor girl who had so excited his sympathies, except the usual one of buying her out of her slavery. And this was impracticable.

He well knew the law as to voluntary or involuntary service of any kind in Japan, to leave which, without legal release, would be equivalent to desertion from the Army or Navy in almost any other country; with this difference: that it constitutes in Japan a civil crime, rendering all who have to do with it amenable to the law of the land.

Stealing the girl away from the house, and getting her out of the country, did not at first occur to him.

He could think of no friend in all Japan to whom he could go with such a matter for assistance, or even advice, without exciting remark, and perhaps bringing discredit upon the service to which he belonged. And so the day went by. He was not feeling very well anyhow, and as night approached there came over him a sense of depression impossible to shake off.

This feeling, as a physician, he explained to himself several times as a clearly defined case of "*katzenjammer*," the cause of which was not very hard to remember.

After dinner, for which he had very little appetite, he got out his old meerschaum and sat on the upper veranda, looking out through the trees at one side of the hotel, across the canal, into a tea-house opposite. He watched the people come and go, on foot and in jinrikishas. Once in a while a sampan passed along the canal, with its peculiar rocking motion and no sound of oars.

The moon, after a while, came up from behind the tile-roofed houses to the East. "One day older than the full," thought Carl, as it began to shed its soft light over the city around him.

The smoke from his old friend, the dog's head meerschaum, with its amber mouth-piece and band of gold, seemed to have a soothing and quieting effect upon his nerves, and he was soon dreaming. Presently his ear caught the sound of the tuning of a samisen from the tea-house opposite, and with it came the vision of himself seated on a couch playing at smoke, as the night before, and the girl on the other side of the little black table.

Suddenly came the thought — “the Saké Merchant of the Willow Bridge!”

Had Carl heard at that instant the scream of a woman in distress, he would not have been more affected. He sprang to his feet, and pulling out his watch, walked quickly to the end of the veranda, across which the moon was shining brightly, and letting the light fall full upon the plain black and white dial, read the time.

Twenty minutes past eight. He thought of the distance; — six miles away. Too late perhaps; but he would know the worst. A moment later he was in a jinrikisha with the strongest team of the hotel in front; and as it swung out of the gate into the moonlit street, he exclaimed:

“Thunder Gate! Go quickly! Double pay!”

Thunder Gate was the name of a locality, about half way to the Yoshiwara. But Carl had a double object in giving that as his destination to the jinrikisha men at the hotel. One was, it being a hot night, that he was anxious to spare the men as much as possible; and the other, that no one at the hotel need know whither he had gone.

Arriving at the place mentioned, he got out, walked a few rods and took another vehicle — of which there were always plenty ready for

hire—and, giving his final destination, with the same injunctions as to speed and promise of extra pay, he was, in another twenty minutes, passing through the gate having over the top in gas jets, the Chinese characters already mentioned.

The festival, lasting for several days, was still in full blast, having this night, however, the additional attraction of elaborate fire-works, in an open space near the hospital; and the throng of merrymakers was greater than ever.

As Carl approached his destination, the clock in the tower above struck nine. And, when he came within view of the exhibition room, with its elevated floor, he saw, that although it was well filled, the girls were not all seated around as they were the night before. Most of them were standing in groups, or moving about in the room; and his quick eye detected that Bamboo was not there.

XVII.



THE room to which Carl was shown this time, differed somewhat from the one he had occupied the night before. It was smaller and at the front of the house.

In the centre, a square mosquito net was suspended near the ceiling by strings attached to the corners, the sides being thrown up on the top. It had a folding screen across the side next to the entrance, which it was necessary to pass around in entering or leaving the room, and which shut out the view from the passage when the sliding door was open.

Soon, two servants came in, bringing a tray with tea and the usual fire-box, with its live coal in the centre of the ashes. These were placed upon the matting, and the servants went out.

Carl was not sure whether he had seen these same girls the night before or not; but he greeted them with a smile and a pleasant word or two, as they came and went.

It seemed to him that he waited quite a long time for the coming of Bamboo, though in reality it was not long. He put in the time moving about the room, and standing at the side next

to the street, into which he could look, and was thus occupied, when he became conscious of the presence of some one near. There was no one to be seen, but he saw, over the top of the screen, that the sliding door was open far enough to admit a person; and as he looked, there came from behind it the one for whom he was waiting.

There was no rustling of skirts, or tap of tiny boot, to herald her coming. No phantom could have been more noiseless, as in soft kimono and bare feet she appeared to him and dropped upon her knees making the usual salutation. As she looked up, with a smile in answer to his acknowledgment, her face, Carl thought, would have been less sad, had it been entirely immobile.

As Carl approached, she arose to her feet, and in compliance with his evident desire, gave him her hand. He held it a moment, looking at her, and then said:

"You see I have come back. Did you think I never would?"

"Sodes," she replied.

"But you don't seem to be very glad to see me. How is that?"

"Ijinsan was very kind to me."

"I tried to be," said Carl, "but don't you like me any more?" he added.

The girl looked away, but did not answer, and the forced smile upon her face disappeared.

Carl was puzzled. He had come with a very definite object in view, the wisdom of which he now began to doubt. It was to find out all he could about the girl, and see if something could not be done for her release before he left Japan. Perhaps the case was not so bad after all, he thought. And—well! he had got the best of that fellow from the Willow Bridge, anyway. That was some comfort. Suddenly he asked:

"Has the saké merchant been here to-day?"

"No," said the girl, with a shudder, "but he is coming to-night; and I am so afraid."

"Afraid of what?" asked Carl in astonishment. "Are you afraid of *me*?"

"I am not afraid, if ijinsan will let me stay here," was the answer.

"O! that's it, is it? I understand it all now. All right, little woman."

"Thank you," was all she said.

"Now let us go out to the veranda and see the procession," said Carl.

During the course of the foregoing conversation, the maids had come and gone several times,

bringing in various things, and the girl and Carl had seated themselves on cushions near the window. Carl was the first to rise, and reaching down, took the girl by the hand gallantly, to assist her to her feet. As he lifted her up, the wide kimono sleeve slipped back nearly to the shoulder, and Carl's quick eye saw an unmistakable bruise on her arm.

The girl in great alarm tried to pull down the sleeve to hide the mark. Carl permitted her to do so and then asked:

"How did that come?"

The girl was very much disconcerted. She hesitated a moment, then looking away, answered: "I had a fall."

Carl looked hard at her for a moment, and then asked:

"Did it hurt you anywhere else?"

The girl again hesitated, then answered:

"No."

Carl's face darkened until all the refinement due to generations of gentle breeding had disappeared, and it became a modern reproduction of his savage old Saxon ancestors. Leaving the girl where she stood, he passed around the screen, closed the sliding door, pushing the screen close to it, indicating that the room was locked to all comers, and then went back to the

girl. With the gentle firmness of the physician, but without a word, he now proceeded to examine her shoulders.

The girl submitted in dumb consternation, anxiety depicted on every feature of her countenance. He turned her around to the light, passed his hand gently over her back, pausing at several places, then lifting the kimono, indicating that she might replace it, he stood in front of her and said :

"Girl, you have been whipped."

The girl burst into tears.

"And you lied about it. Now tell me the truth. Did you not lie when you said the saké merchant had not been here to-day?"

"No," said the girl, looking him frankly in the face.

"Tell me who whipped you, then."

The girl was silent, still shedding tears.

"Tell me," he insisted; "I am bound to know. Was it a man or a woman?"

"It was not a woman," said the girl.

"Who was it?"

"I may not tell; I may not tell."

"Very well, then," said Carl, "I will find out some other way," and he started as if to leave the room.

The girl, now thoroughly frightened, grasped him by the arm and exclaimed:

"If ijinsan will not go, I will tell him."

"All right," said Carl, as he turned back, and in compliance with an intimation, sat down with her upon a cushion on the floor.

XVIII.



NOTWITHSTANDING Carl had complied with the girl's request, she seemed still reluctant to say anything about the whipping. So he questioned her.

"What were you whipped for?—What had you done?"

"Because I told the truth about ijinsan last night."

"But they could not punish you for *that*."

"Yes; they would not believe."

"Why do you stay here to be punished by brutes, when you are innocent?"

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"I mean for you to leave this house, slave, or no slave," said Carl with earnest significance.

"To go with you?" asked the girl eagerly.

“Perhaps so; but anyhow, you must be got out of this place, and that right away.”

The girl looked puzzled for a little time, and then asked:

“Could ijinsan give me work where I could see him sometimes?”

“Perhaps so,” said Carl; “what could you do?”

“Almost anything.” Then after a pause the girl added, “does ijinsan live in the mountains, in his own country?”

“No, not now,” said Carl with a great lump in his throat. “My business is on the sea. But why do you ask?”

“I was born there,” she said; and looking upwards, she continued, “if ijinsan has lived in the mountains I do not see how he can ever like the water. O, it is terrible! The wind blows hard sometimes; and then there are fishes in it!” and the girl shuddered.

Carl did not fully comprehend her meaning at that time, and after reflecting a moment, said:

“Tell me about your life. You say you were born in the mountains.”

“Yes, I was born in the mountains,” she said, and then went on telling her simple story in Japanese, some of her statements being

made in reply to questions by her listener, which may be omitted. "We lived there a long, long time. I was eleven when we came down to the river and did not go back. When we lived in the mountains father took care of the pheasants and the beautiful spotted deers we sometimes saw in the forest. The foxes though—he tied strings to small trees that would bend down, and caught them. They were always dead when we found them. The reason he did this was because the Emperor wanted him to. He said they would eat all the eggs the pheasants had in the nest—not leaving even *one*. And, sometimes they would kill the mother, too, when she was waiting for the little ones to come out of the eggs so that they could run away with her."

"Whenever we found a dead fox, father took the skin off, and we would put ashes and bitter salt on it, and rub it with stones when it was drying, which made it soft and nice and white on the side where the hair was not. Then, when father went to the city, he would take it along, and would always bring back something pretty for us. Once he brought me a beautiful obi."

"Yes, we had two dogs; but they could not catch the foxes. They knew where they lived,

though ; and would show father the right place. And sometimes he could dig the earth away and get them out, so that the dogs could kill them. Our dogs were not like those they have in the city. One was bigger than the other ;— their bodies were of gray color, and they had yellow legs, with black lips and eyebrows. Their ears did not bend over. And they would bite anything we were afraid of ; but they would not bite us. The big one would bite other dogs though, sometimes.”

“ One day when the small one was shut up in the charcoal place, three other dogs came, and our big dog quarreled with them, and they made a great deal of noise. Then they began to bite and hold on to each other, and they all rolled down the mountain.”

“ When our dog came home, one of his legs was sick ; and blood came out of his neck ; but the strange dogs never came to our house again.”

“ O ! yes. I saw a bear once. My little sister was with me, and she saw it too. We were both frightened and screamed. The dogs went to the bear and drove it away. They made a great deal of noise, which we could hear away up in the mountain. The dogs did

not come home until night, and they were both sick for a long time."

"We knew it was a bear. We had seen their skins. It stood up just like our larger dog did whenever we would be eating something. But we did not have anything to give the bear, so we ran away."

"We were looking for the place where a hen had put her eggs to hide them from us. She was afraid we would take them all away, like the fox; but we never did that. We always left one, if she had found a good place."

"Yes, we had many chickens, sometimes. But when they got big, father always took them away to the city with the charcoal. They would eat them there, he said. We could not; we pitied them so much."

"When they were little they were very pretty, and we took care of them all the time. Sometimes one would get sick, then I would put it in the basket and give it boiled rice in its mouth, and keep it in a warm place until it got well, and could go with the mother and the other little ones again."

"No—we did not have cows. Other people had them, in the valley by the river; we used to see them there. I do not think they are very nice. I do not know."

“Horses—yes, indeed. We had two. We used to get their milk sometimes; when they were mothers. It was sweet. But O!—did you ever ride on a horse? It is lovely. It is not like a sampan. It does not make sick, like on the water. And there is no danger, when the horse is kind; and both of ours were that.”

“Father made the charcoal, in the mountain, from the trees that were sick; or that the wind pushed down. He chopped them up, and put the sticks all together, and covered them with earth, and built a fire in the big mound. Then it smoked a long time; and after that the sticks were black. The same as they use here in the city.”

“While the mound was smoking, we all made the mats of the straw, to wrap the charcoal in, when it was done. Then we tied it on the horses, and father took it down the mountain to the river where the rice-fields are. When I was big enough, father used to take me along to bring the horses back. O! it was nice. He tied the horses together, and would put me on one, and they would go straight home. Sometimes they would stop a little while to bite the leaves or grass, then I would scold them with a stick, and they would go on. O! I love horses. Don't you?”

"Yes. But why did you come to the city?"

"Father wanted us to go to school. The Emperor is very kind, and even girls may learn to read now. But it is hard, and I did not learn much."

"I tried to learn to be a geisha, too, at first; and I *was* a "little one," sometimes. I could beat the drums and dance some of the songs, when nobody was looking. But when the thing happened, I had to get some money for my work; so I was maid-servant for a while to a gentleman at Uyeno; but his wife was not pleased, and I went back home."

"Mother got me another place, but the lady said I looked into the street too much, and sent me back. Then I tried to sew. But they would not let me finish the kimono."

"After that I tried to cook. Not like we do in the country; but the way they do in the city; and they said I built too much fire and spoiled the rice, and other things, and used up too much charcoal, which I do not think was true. There is plenty of charcoal in the mountains, and people are glad to sell it cheap in the city. Is it not true?"

"Doubtless. But how did you come to be here in the Yoshiwara?"

“We did not come to the city at first. We lived by the river at the village, two years, where father got the boat. We did not like living there, though. It was not nice making garden in the water, where the rice and lotus grow; so father took us all in his boat, and we came to the city.”

“Father sold the horses to buy the boat, which was a great mistake, I think.”

“After we came to the city, the thing happened; so we could not do as we did before.

“You spoke of the ‘thing happening,’ what was that?”

“That was when father was lost, on the river. And it is the hardest of all to bear. We have no place of our own where we can go to make offerings and pray, as other people do.”

“How is that?”

“When the water jumped over the side and filled the boat, it was loaded with bricks and sand, and went deep down, and father went with it, and he was never found. So that we know the fishes have eaten him. He was only buried by the water that killed him, and so he left no grave where we might pray and make our offerings.”

Her listener thought of his own calling, and with a grim smile, wondered if that would be his own fate some day. But he only said:

"Tell me more about your experience here."

"After father died, I could do nothing. The saké merchant bought me, and placed me in the Yoshiwara."

"When did you say you came?"

"When the plum trees were in bloom."

"That must have been in February. How long were you in the hospital?"

"Two months. The bath was very hot, and I did not put on kimono quick enough. So, they sent me to the end of the street. Ijinsan knows the rest; knows all the rest."

XIX.



DURING the recital of the girl's story, Carl was deeply interested. Somehow his mind seemed to be clearing up, and his brain becoming more ready to answer to the demands he made upon it. Still he felt as if he was facing a critical surgical operation, in which it is always desirable to know just what cuts are to follow, before the first one is made.

He would take time to think, and, rising from the floor, he said:

“Let us go out on the veranda and see the people in the street.”

The girl got up as he removed the screen, and followed him out.

Later, as he sat upon an iron chair, with his elbows on the rail, looking into the street below, the girl standing by, talking to some one near her, he saw the tall figure of a man wearing a white European costume, with a straw hat. He was moving along through the crowd, and was accompanied by a geisha; and immediately following them were two other geisha, with another man, also dressed in European clothes, but evidently a Japanese.

As Carl looked, wondering who the foreigner might be, and thinking there was something familiar about his figure and walk, the tall man turned his head, and speaking to the one behind him, said, in English:

“Tanny! Isn’t she a daisy?”

There was no mistaking that voice, and Carl had found his man.

He watched the party until he was satisfied that they were leaving the district; and then, getting up he, said to the girl:

“Let us go in, we must have some supper.”

The maids looked a little puzzled; not understanding his last words; and one of them said:

"The next room can be added to this one, if the gentleman wishes."

"All right," said Carl; "but where is that girl with the dimple in her cheek, who was here last night. She belongs at the Kirihan, I know. Is she in the house to-night?"

"I think so," said the maid, "she was here a little while ago."

"Tell her to come here," said Carl.

In a moment she appeared, and Carl said:

"Go to the tea-house and tell them that the French Doctor wants two geisha here, and supper for the party, two bottles of beer, and a couple of cigars. I want *ichi ban geisha*,—do you understand?—and no saké."

"Hai," said the servant, all smiles.

"I'll lighten up this business a little," Carl added, to himself. It need hardly be said his spirits were rising. He was beginning to see a little way ahead. The sailor had caught sight of the soldier, and was feeling better.

The servants took out the partition between the two rooms, throwing them into one, making quite a spacious apartment. They brought in several additional lamps, in their paper screens on stands, and placed them about the room;

also an armful of bright colored cushions. Flower-pots were brought in. Some having no blossoms on the green, brown or yellow plants they contained. Several held grotesque dwarf pine trees that looked as if they were having a hard struggle for life, with as much, or more, of their roots than their branches above the earth, which was mainly covered with moss in the boxes.

It was interesting to note how the few things, so skilfully arranged, could lighten up the place, and give it an air of cheerfulness and festivity.

Carl took in the situation as he moved about the room, and waited.

Among other things, a man brought in what was evidently from its shape a samisen in its case; also a bundle, which he placed in a corner, and went out. This last, afterwards developed into three drums, with a frame-work or stand for one, the smallest of the three being larger than the original bundle.

The small, low, black table, of the night before, was again produced, and a pile of cushions placed beside it.

Presently, there appeared at the door, which was wide open, a woman, rather tall for a Japanese, with two little girls. The latter seemed

to be about twelve or thirteen years of age. The woman had prominent eyes, with high cheek bones, and a pretty mouth, with a firm expression. She was dressed as a geisha, and in perfect taste, as were also the two little girls; though the latter wore the brighter colors. As they entered, all made the usual salutation, and rising, the woman came across the room to Carl, and said:

"I have brought two little ones with me, though you may only want one. We can send one away if you do not want them both."

"They look bright," said Carl, "can they do much?"

"Yes," said the geisha, "they are learning. One plays the drums very nicely; but the other is the best dancer. They can dance together well."

"All right," said Carl, "we will keep them both. I want the Wrestler's Dance to-night. Do you think they could teach it to me?"

"O, yes, and they will be very happy. They have not danced to-night, and are not at all tired. We had been out with a party to see the fireworks when your message came; and as we were all dressed I brought them both along. I am glad you are pleased."

This being settled, the leader at once proceeded to the business of making things pleasant. The little girls, making a pretense of a quarrel about certain privileges, appealed to Carl to decide the question; while the woman seated herself with the samisen in her lap, ready to play, sing, talk or be silent, as might best suit the guest.

One of the little girls got out the drums and proceeded to assemble the parts and tune them up, pasting bits of paper on the head of one and tightening up or loosening the cords of the others to suit. The ordinary short, or flat drum, was placed in a sloping position on legs in front of her; while the others, like hour-glasses in shape, were held, one in her hand, by the cords, over her right shoulder, the other, partly on her lap, and under the left arm. These instruments were struck with the ends of the fingers, sometimes in very rapid succession, and with their varying tones, made by grasping the cords more or less tightly, producing a very peculiar effect.

While the little girl was tuning up her drums, the woman sat, gently touching the strings of the samisen in her lap, and giving an occasional word of direction.

When all was ready, a song with accompaniment was sung about two lovers, who, though separated a long distance, still had a peculiar means of communication. Then followed a dance by the two little girls, the woman singing and playing.

Another dance, by one little girl, represented "Spring time" and the "Falling of the plum blossoms," which she was supposed to catch upon her fan and play with, fanning them through the air towards her companions. This dance Carl thought especially beautiful.

The grace of some of these dancers, and the silent ease with which they whirl around and move about, is wonderful. This, too, in a dress which would seem to confine their limbs to the narrowest possible limits of movement.

XX.



T may not be out of the way here to explain that the geisha are the actresses of Japan. And yet this western appellation, like many others, does not accurately designate their calling.

A great many of them are in constant employment, without ever being seen upon the public stage. Their performances are always given in private, their audience often consisting of but one person. When the geisha are personated on the stage the parts are always taken by men.

The geisha may perhaps be more accurately termed the *entertainers* of Japan.

Their business is clearly defined by custom. They are nearly all under contract to managers, or keepers; and they go wherever their services are required. Like actresses all the world over, wherever there is the most money and festivity they will be found in the greatest numbers. And again, like their artistic sisters of the western world, they are all supposed to be young and single. Still it is believed the parallel goes further, and that many a worthless fellow is supported in ease and luxury by their labor, either within or without the bonds of marriage. There is no other way to explain the large debts they sometimes owe to their managers, and which have the effect of keeping them in bondage for an indefinite term.

That they are, as a rule, honest, good women, like their sister bread-winners in every other part of the world, there is no reason to

doubt. That they are among the brightest and most gifted women of Japan will not be questioned.

Often the geisha marry well; and sometimes it costs the lover a handsome figure to buy out a contract, and perhaps pay a large debt to the manager besides.

During the course of an entertainment, if it happens to be where the geisha live, or in the neighborhood, these women may change their costumes several times during the evening. This of course involves their having many dresses, and large expenses in providing them. Frequently when called to an entertainment, the character of which they are not sure of beforehand, they will appear in the most tasteful neutral colors, with little ornamentation. Later, however, when the wine begins to flow, and the guests are singing and dancing, as they often do, the geisha will appear in brighter colors, one after another, their absence for a time being scarcely noticed.

The style of doing up their hair is peculiar, and entirely different from that of either the married woman, the "daughter,"—as the unmarried woman is called,—the servant, or the *oiran*. Usually they have men servants to carry their instruments when they go about,

and many of them seem to be quite "fine ladies" in their way.

One marked characteristic of the geisha is their apparent freedom from professional jealousy. Another is their friendship and sympathy for their less fortunate sisters in less honorable callings.

The freedom of the geisha in conversation seems to an Occidental remarkable. But this doubtless comes from the desire to please in their profession. Though as a rule they are strictly devoted to business, many of them are also capable of warm impulses and generous self-sacrifice.

On the night under consideration, during the supper,—which was more or less mixed up with other features of the entertainment,—all laughed and chatted on terms of perfect equality, the servants coming and going, apparently enjoying the fun as well as anybody. Among other things, one of the little girls insisted upon teaching Carl a game of forfeit played with the hands, while the other performed tricks of legerdemain with a handkerchief.

At one time, while Carl was much engaged with one of the little girls on his left, the

woman at his right, wishing to attract his attention, touched him on the arm, saying suddenly, what to Carl sounded like "*jō san.*" Carl turned to her with a look of surprise, when she at once corrected herself, by calling him "*ijinsan,*" at the same time blushing, as Carl thought, in her confusion. Now Carl's senses were all awake, and though he pretended to take no notice of the *lapsis*, he was sure she was thinking of some one else when she first spoke to him.

When the entertainment was about at its height, the clock in the tower struck twelve, and the other bell sounded out its nine musical swells.

The little drummer at once began to disassemble her instruments, and the leader slipped her samisen into its case, saying,

"We must go now."

"How so?" said Carl. "I have not had a smoke yet."

"That is the regulation," was the reply. "No geisha in the house after midnight," she added with a significant laugh.

"Why!—I heard them last night, long after that time, it seemed to me," said Carl.

"Some of the girls here play a little. Young Bamboo can drum nicely, and she knows

several pretty songs," said the geisha, with a smile at the dark girl sitting near.

As they took their leave, all saying the "*sayonara*" together, Carl went out with them, seeing them to the head of the stairs and patting one of the little ones on the shoulder as they walked along.

When he returned to the room, shortly after, the Young Bamboo was not there. He lit a cigar at the crater of the little Mount Fuji in the box, and went out on the balcony.

The streets were not now nearly so crowded as an hour before. Still there was a good deal going on, and Carl detected signs of intoxication in some of the men passing along,—a rare thing in Japan.

It was the last night of the festival, and the gaiety was dying out. The electric lights had been turned off, and the candles in some of the lanterns had burned down, showing here and there breaks in the festoons and strings across and up and down the street. The moon was shining brightly, however, and there seemed to be a depth to the sky above which Carl did not remember to have ever noticed before. The stars seemed much farther away than usual. Perhaps he was a little homesick.

During the evening the girl had been dressed in the costume usually worn in the afternoon by her class, before dressing for the exhibition at night, and in which they sometimes go upon the street. Her hair was drawn down over the ears and done up in some simple way at the back of the head, without ornamentation or the large pins generally worn. Her outer kimono or gown, somewhat large it seemed, had a wide collar, or fold, displaying the bright color of the lining which covered her shoulders. The sleeves, made of material of a soft gray color, were enormous in size, the fullness, having pockets, hung down at the sides to below the knees. The skirt was beautifully embroidered with some flowering vine in colored silk.

When the girl returned to Carl all this had been changed, except perhaps the style of the hair. And she was again dressed as on the night before.

As they stood together in the room, Carl said, "I have a plan to propose, and want to talk to you so that others cannot hear what we say."

Carl finally felt fairly confident that she understood the meaning of all he had told her, and that she was prepared for her part in the plan he had decided upon.

He had explained to her that he was obliged to leave Japan for the sea, at once, or very soon; that she was to be got out of the house and city and hidden away in the mountains; that he would consult with a friend, whom he expected would assist in the escape, about the details, and let her know just what to do.

At the mention of the mountains in Carl's explanation the girl interrupted him:

"O!—I have an uncle there, and perhaps I could lead the horses."

"That's good," said Carl, and then went on coaching her in the program.

XXI.



AS Carl rode along in a jinrikisha through the streets, on the shady side in the morning air, he felt much better than when passing over the same ground in the same direction the morning before; and he several times caught himself humming the air and words from an old opera, "Home to our mountains."

After breakfast he went to the Legation to inquire as usual for any word from his ship.

This time he was not disappointed. The Minister had received a telegram stating that she had arrived at Nagasaki, and would be coaling there for three or four days, and would then proceed on her cruise to the West and South.

What Carl had been expecting and wishing for, now that it had come—as so often happens with hopes long deferred—was just what he did not want at that time. But there was no help for it, and he must leave at once.

The first thing to be done, however, was to look up Joe Saxton. And not a moment was to be lost. He went first to one hotel and then to another, to find out where Joe was stopping. At the second he heard of him, but Joe had not been there for a month. One of the jinrikisha men attached to the hotel said, however, that he knew where the tall American lived, and offered to take Carl to the place. It was over near Uyeno Park, he said, and that he was with a Japanese gentleman.

Carl was soon in the baby-carriage and trundling along. On arriving at the house, he found nobody at home but a couple of servants. One of them said, however, that the gentlemen would be home for tiffin, he was quite sure, as they had left directions as to what to get. The boy further said, in answer to questions, that he

thought they were going away that night, as they had sent for some washing that was out, to hurry it up.

Carl was uncertain from the first as to the success of his plans, and the boy's statement increased his apprehension. The American ex-soldier, with whom he had become well acquainted on board ship, was his main reliance in carrying out his scheme. He could not afford to lose a chance, so he decided to wait until Joe should come home. The two friends, Joe and Tanny, soon arrived.

Joe was delighted to see his "brother" of the "Peking Family," as he introduced him to "Tanny," his "chief of staff," and they were quickly comparing notes as to what they had seen in Japan. Both were anxious to talk, while Kosaku sat by listening,—doubtless comparing these two types of a different nationality, speaking in a tongue that did not seem to him to belong to either. Nor yet was it his own language. In fact, they seemed to be talking in different languages, though they undoubtedly understood each other perfectly.

"It is odd, doctor, that we did not run up against each other before,—we have been in so many of the same places," said Joe.

"I saw you once," was the reply.

"When was that?"

"Last night," said the doctor.

"Why! were you at the fireworks?"

"No. But I saw you, all the same, walking along the street with a lady."

"O, ho!" said Saxton. "Then I know where you were, old fellow. Don't say anything to me after this. I wouldn't have thought it, though."

"That is just what I want to see you about especially, to-day, Saxton."

"*Well—I—*what's up, doctor? Can I do anything for you?" said Joe.

"Perhaps so. Let me tell you all about it."

Kosaku got up, saying something about seeing to things connected with their prospective journey.

"No," said the doctor, looking at Joe. "I would like your friend to hear it, too. Perhaps he can help us very materially, anyhow, with his advice."

Kosaku resumed his seat, and from that on took as much interest in the conversation as Joe himself, saying, however, very little, and asking no questions.

The doctor proceeded to give the main points of the circumstances with which the

reader is already acquainted, and explained his plan for the rescue of the girl.

When he came to that part where the entertainment—ordered as a blind to the people in the house—was spoken of, and mentioned the leader of the geisha, as *ichi ban* in the district, Joe smiled and said,

“Did you have her though, sure enough?”

“Yes,” said the doctor, “sure enough.”

“Well! I don’t doubt your word; but I rather guess you have been imposed upon. There can’t be *two number ones*, and she was with us last night. What was the name of *your* “*ichi ban*?”

“Hanaco, she called herself. The others spoke of her as Ohanasan.”

Joe looked astonished, but presently laughing, said,

“O, yes, that is her name, but there are two Hanacos up there; the tall one and a little one. I call one Okii Hanner and the other Chiisai. It was the little one you must have had.”

“No,” said the doctor, “it was the tall one.”

“O, come off, doctor; I tell you she was with us last night. What are you giving us?”

“What time did she leave you?” said the doctor.

"Nearly midnight, wasn't it, Tanny?"

Kosaku laughed, but did not answer. He was enjoying Joe's bewilderment.

"About eleven o'clock, I guess," said the doctor. "She said she had been out to the fireworks with some friends, and, within ten minutes, my boy, after you left her at the Kiriha, she was tuning her samisen for me."

"Well, that beats the Dutch," said Joe. "She never said a word about having another engagement. Did she mention my name?"

"Yes; once, I think," said the doctor.

"What did she say?" Joe asked, eagerly.

"She tapped me on the arm, and called me '*josan*,' by mistake, I think. The fact is, Saxton, you were not out of sight when my messenger arrived with the order for the supper and the geisha; and they came right over. Now don't think hard of the girl; for I think she likes you. She has got lots of sense, and is a good, honest woman."

"Doctor," said Joe, blushing, "you are my *friend*, and I won't kill you this time. She is a good girl and *I know it*. And she is just the one to help us in this business."

"I thought so," said the doctor.

"But," said Joe, "you have not told us the name of *your* girl yet."

"The Young Bamboo."

"Why! that is the girl Hanner spoke of to *me* the other night." Joe checked himself, but presently added,

"They are friends, it would seem. What is she like?"

Carl described her carefully, and then told Joe how he had posted her in regard to meeting any one who came to her in his name; and that she could trust him with a message, or anything else; as he had foreseen that it would endanger the success of his plan to be too near at hand himself at the time she was to be taken away. He well knew that the fact of his two calls upon her would point to him as her rescuer, as soon as she was missed; and for this they must be fully prepared.

The conversation between the three men was a long one, several of the details needing to be very carefully gone over.

One modification of the doctor's plan Joe insisted upon, while eating lunch, saying,


"I tell you, doctor, that railroad business won't do, if I have to handle it. I am not used to that sort of thing. They could stop us by a telegram before we got half way to the first turn-off. No!—a sampan and a mule are good enough for me."

"Tanny can go ahead by rail as far as possible, alone, at his leisure, and make everything all right up there, and come back, maybe. I'll take more time with the girl, and *get there, you bet, or break a trace*. But I don't want any steamboat or railroad—to manage on the way—in mine."

"All right," said the doctor, "just as you think best. Mr. Kosaku says he will do his part when the time comes, and he can call upon me to liquidate."

"Yes," said Kosaku, with a twinkle in his eye.

XXII.

 HERE was an another entertainment at the Yoshiwara that night. But somehow it did not pass off as agreeably as that of the night before. The people present and the general situations were pretty much the same, the only change in the personnel being that Joe Saxton took the place of the "French Doctor."

Joe, it would seem, made things decidedly more lively, but, according to all accounts, not nearly so pleasant as had the other foreigner.

Perhaps the only reliable account of the details of the affair which ever came out was that of the two little girls present; and, as it may fairly be presumed that their testimony,—agreeing as it did in all essentials,—was not doctored, it may here be given.

Hanaco had little to say about the affair when questioned by the keeper and the police. She asked them to excuse her, as it would hurt her business to disparage her employer. She, however, admitted that the little girls told the truth; and that she was sorry for them at the time, but could not help it.

The little girls said that the American took out of his pocket a flask of some kind of saké, and drank from it several times before supper. It was not common saké, they knew; because,—in the wrestler's dance,—which they were trying to teach him, he put his arm around them both, and—and—tried to kiss them. And they knew from the smell that it was not common saké. They further said that he made a great deal of noise, and at one time jumped up so high that his head bumped against the ceiling; that *Ohana-san* stopped playing and told him that if he did not let them alone, and do right, she would have to take them away; that the Young Bamboo asked him to send

them all away, and go to bed; that the American told her to mind her own business, that he would send them away when he got ready; that he threw a cushion at Bamboo; that Bamboo went away; and a little later, and while they were dancing—it might have been a half an hour—the bell struck twelve, and they all came away, leaving the American alone in the room with the servants, who came to make down his bed.

The testimony of the landlord at the tea-house, where Joe registered and had to pay the bill for the supper, seemed to corroborate that of the little girls indirectly; and as it, too, was undoubtedly honest, may be given in part.

The landlord's statement was also given with some reluctance, for a reason similar to that given by the leader of the geisha, that it would hurt his business to say anything unkind about any of his guests; still he admitted that the American came back to the house some time after twelve o'clock, called for his bill and wanted a jinrikisha to take him away.

"No,—he was not drunk," said the landlord, "he was sure of that, though he might have been drinking a *little*." "He did not order any saké with the supper," he said. "He got

into the 'rikisha all by himself." The 'rikishaman said, however, that the big foreigner came very near upsetting it backwards before he had a good hold of the handles.

Being closely questioned by the police, the landlord reluctantly admitted that the American had told him that he had been left in the lurch by the girl; that he didn't care much about her anyway; but gave him a dollar extra to say nothing about his having gone away so soon, as he did not want to be laughed at by his friends, if they got hold of it.

The testimony of the guard at the gate of the district was perhaps unimportant. Still it might be mentioned to complete the case. He came on duty at midnight, he said, and was very sure that Bamboo did not pass out during his tour, which ended at eight o'clock in the morning. A few other people went and came, he said; several geisha, all of whom he knew; *Ohana-san* was among them. He knew her well. And that the tall American, whom he had seen several times before, went out in a jinrikisha about a half or three-quarters of an hour after he (the guard) came on duty at midnight. He was quite sure the "French Doctor"—whom he had also seen several times—was not in the Yoshiwara that night. At least

he had not seen him; and there were not many people, the festival being over.

The testimony of the guard relieved at midnight would doubtless have been very much the same—even to seeing Ohana-san pass out. He, too, knew her well, and saw her pass in, soon after the American, at about nine o'clock, followed by the man carrying her instruments in their cases, the same as when they went out just before he was relieved from duty for the night.

This last man might have mixed things a little had the case ever come to trial and both guards been brought up as witnesses.

Had anything ever been discovered on which to base a charge, it might have gone hard with one of these poor fellows,—both doubtless as honest and faithful officials as ever wore a uniform,—there being no excuse, perhaps, for mistaking Bamboo for a geisha, as their regular uniforms were entirely different.

The morning following Saxton's party in the Yoshiwara, Carl Steinberg sat in an early train out of Tokyo towards Yokohama. He was *en route* to Kobe to catch a steamer which would take him through the Inland Sea to Nagasaki, where he expected to join his ship.

At the first stop, outside of Tokyo, where

the trains from the north, after passing around the city, connect with those out of Shimbashi Station, he was joined in the first class compartment, where he had been alone, by a Japanese from the other train.

One not knowing better would have supposed that these two had never met before. Yet no sooner had the train pulled out, than they were in earnest conversation in the middle of the compartment; but they separated and looked out of opposite windows whenever the train slowed up.

At Yokohama the Japanese got out and walked away. Carl continued his journey.

Those on this train, accustomed to the usual promptitude of Japanese railroad service, doubtless wondered that morning why the train was delayed eight minutes in pulling out again. Just as it did so, another Japanese, with a small bundle and a fan in his hands, entered the compartment with Carl and took a seat. The man scarcely looked at his fellow passenger, and at the first stop got out. Carl thought nothing of it at the time, nor until he saw the same man get out of a second class car at a station further down the road, and—just as the train started again—saw him get into a different car still,

did Carl know that he was being shadowed, and that they were looking for the girl.

Carl smiled as he said to himself, "they are on the wrong track. I wonder how far they will follow it. That Yankee showman, soldier, cowboy, must have been chased by the authorities himself at some time in his career. I am glad I gave him his way in this matter."

At last, about thirty miles down the road, at one of the stops, Carl saw his shadow remain standing on the platform, with his fan and bundle in his hands, as the train pulled out.

Carl continued his journey without farther special incident, made connection with the steamer at Kobe all right, reached his ship just in time, reported on board, and went to sea.

XXIII.



THE city of Tokyo is divided into two sections by the Sumida river, which there runs nearly north and south, and, with its numerous by-ways or canals, makes of the neighboring parts of the city, in places, a veritable Venice; with this difference, that usually the canals are in the middle or on

one side of the streets, which are sometimes wide. The tide rises and falls in these canals, as well as in the river, for many miles above the city.

The river, in its course through the city, is spanned by numerous large bridges, and the canals by almost innumerable smaller ones where the streets cross.

There are very few horses in Tokyo, and nearly all of the traffic is effected by manpower. The canals, with their thousands of boats, are very important public highways.

The boats are of all sizes, from large "*bateaux*" to small "*skiffs*." They are, however, nearly all of the sampan pattern, and are propelled by long "sculls" at the stern or the sides. The sculls are worked from side to side without the blades being lifted from the water, the men standing sidewise to the direction of the boat, bending backward and forward with a graceful motion.

Sampans are used in Tokyo as gondolas are in Venice; and as the great Japanese city is without horses or carriages, and has over a million of pleasure-loving inhabitants, the number of boats required may be imagined.

The pleasure sampans usually have a low cabin amidship, the roof of which is only high enough to clear the head of an ordinary sized

person, sitting on the matting, with which the floor is covered inside.

On a hot summer moonlight night the river and canals are alive with these craft; and the sound of the samisen, gekkin and flute heard everywhere, filling the balmy air with the peculiar music of the Orient.

On the night of the escape of the Young Bamboo from the Yoshiwara, a pleasure sampan, with its low cabin and two nearly naked boatmen, was lying close to and under the shadow of a wall, in a by-way of the river, between a bridge and some steps, made at the time the wall was built by setting the layers of stones back, one by one, from the bottom upward.

Lying flat on his stomach in the cabin of this boat was Joe Saxton. His feet protruded out of the cabin towards the bow, and his neck was nearly broken from holding his head up to watch the bridge a short distance astern. He was very tired, and not a little anxious as to the outcome of the whole affair. He had no means of knowing whether the girl had got out or not. He had given her the signal to go, by throwing a cushion at her, and up to that time everything had worked well; but what might have happened after that he could only conjecture.

He had "made time" crossing the city, and got in ahead at the rendezvous, as he had hoped to do, though he started last; and now he was waiting. It was getting late, and many of the sampans on the river were coming in, some of them passing within arm's length of where he was lying. People crossed the bridge in the moonlight, going, some one way and some the other, singly and in parties; and, as the figures showed up through and over the rail, his heart stopped beating until he had made them out.

As Joe's neck was very tired from holding up his head, he let it drop for a moment, his forehead resting upon his folded arms beneath. Thus he was lying when he heard the sound of low voices above him, and, looking up, saw a man with a bundle in one hand, the other holding something on his shoulder. He caught only a glimpse of two geisha as they drew back from the top of the wall.

The boat was quickly pushed along to the steps, and in a moment more one of the women was aboard and seated in the cabin. The other and the man were engaged in animated conversation at the top of the steps. Joe heard the words.

"Don't you see it is all right?"

The woman in the boat called up to the one on shore, in a low voice,

"Come; it is all safe. See, I am here!" and added to Joe, who was completely bewildered, "she is afraid of the water."

Saxton was astonished. This was something he had not counted upon. And there stood those two idiots, he thought, discussing a thing like *that*, with people passing every few minutes. In an instant more Joe was "all himself;" and, crawling out of the cabin, on his hands and knees, he was up the steps. As he gained the top he said to the man,

"Take the things aboard." Then turning to the woman he asked,

"What is the matter?"

"I am so afraid," was the reply.

"Afraid of what?" Joe demanded.

"The water. See how black it looks down there. It is like a grave."

"Can't you trust *me*?" asked Joe.

"Yes," she answered, "he told me to do that, but said nothing about the water. O! please let me go back. Let me go back."

Joe gave one glance around, and the next moment nearly upset the boat by stepping too near the side, unmindful of the hundred pounds

or more, added to his own weight, he was carrying as he sprang aboard.

As Joe crawled under the roof on his knees and one hand, with Bamboo under the other arm, he said something, which, had it been put in a language understood by her, would have amounted to a strong intimation that she was a very unwise person, who possibly had not been blessed by her ancestors. Joe spoke, however, in American, only using about two words, and she never suspected that he was swearing.

By the time the sampan had been pushed off and begun to glide along the canal toward the river, with a motion like the walk of an elephant, Bamboo nestling close to his side, Joe had regained his composure, and, using a pet phrase in Japanese, said something, which if put into free English would have been,

“Hanner, *tune up*.”

A moonlight night in a pleasure boat in the summer, on the Sumida-gawa, in Tokyo, with music and pretty girls, is an experience well worth coming to Japan, from almost any part of the world, to enjoy. But to be in it under such circumstances as those with which this chapter deals is given to but few, and is to be remembered forever.

As the sampan glided along up the river, the tide serving just right, after getting out of the thick of the craft in the populous part of the city, Joe's fatigue began to tell upon him and he slept, as did the Young Bamboo.

During the remainder of the night there was another hand at the helm, literally, at times; as the man who came with the girls to the canal, carrying the instruments and bundle, frequently relieved one or the other of the boatmen at his oar, if such it might be called.

To one not in the secret, and acquainted with the language, it might have seemed a little queer that these three Japanese did not use the coolie dialect of the river boatmen, but chatted pleasantly like friends in the language of educated gentlemen.

But whoever they might have been they were athletic young fellows and skilful boatmen. They might have come from the Arsenal or possibly from the Naval College, for all any one may know.

Had the trains coming *into* Tokyo, from the north, the morning after the escape, been as closely watched as were those going *out*, to discover any one supposed to have had knowledge of the affair, there might have been seen a

couple who were perhaps more or less interested; but nobody noticed them in the crowd.

The woman was dressed as an ordinary "daughter," in traveling costume, and she carried a bundle. The man also had a bundle, and what might have been a samisen in its case. These he put into a jinrikisha with the woman, who rode away, while he returned at once to the train.

How or when those two nearly naked boatmen got back to their "places of business" does not much matter. They have doubtless had many a good laugh since, over their night on the water in company with the two geisha, "Tanny" and the "Saint."

Just after daylight the sampan made a landing at a secluded place above the city, and the boatmen bade good-bye to Joe and the Bamboo. Somehow they were then dressed and looked just like any other Japanese; as did also the geisha and her attendant, who also went away walking along an embankment.

Joe had been on the water in a sampan several times before, and had learned the knack of this peculiar sculling. Accordingly he pushed off and worked the boat along some distance further up the stream. Then, the tide setting against him, he crossed over and made fast

to the bank on the opposite side. Here he got out, and walking along the edge of the water a little way, he disappeared into a thicket of bamboo.

When he came out, and returned to the boat, with a green rod in his hand, the other Bamboo was gone and he saw her walking away slowly, as if looking for something in the opposite direction from that which he had taken.

Joe watched her for a moment and then turning his back went to fishing, although there was no hook on the string at the end of the rod—only a little pebble tied there for a sinker. Glancing over his shoulder, a little later, he saw the girl run down the bank to the water's edge, and come slowly towards the boat.

As she sprang aboard with the agility of a cat, Joe said to her,

“Well! my little gal, the smartest detective in the world would not size you up for a woman now;” and added, “How you handle yourself! just like a boy!”

This last remark was not strictly correct; there being a grace about the movements of these country girls which no boy ever displays.

The girl now had a white cloth or handkerchief bound tightly over her head, tied under

the chin and concealing her hair entirely; over this a conical shaped straw hat,—also tied under the chin;—and she wore a short, faded blue kimono or blouse, just long enough to sit upon, and which was secured by a piece of cloth around the waist. Faded blue trousers, cut and sewed to fit, in fact tights, they might be called, covered her legs; while on her feet were straw sandals, bound at the heel and around the ankle by strings.

The girl took off her hat and “night-cap,” as Joe called it, and they both washed their faces in the stream, over the side of the boat.

“Now let’s have some breakfast,” said Joe.

It is well, perhaps, that Shakespeare wrote in English, for Joe added,

“I am as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much.” As it was, the girl “understood not,” but she laughed at Joe’s English “kotoba” and tragic manner.

A bundle was now produced, which, after the cloth was taken off, proved to be a little basket filled with eatables.

Joe grabbed a couple of sandwiches, and handed one to the girl. She took it, and carefully separating the two pieces of bread, shook the one to which the slice of ham adhered over

the side of the boat. As the meat dropped into the water Joe exclaimed:

"What did you do that for?"

The girl looked up in surprise.

"Don't do that again," added Joe sternly; "give it to me next time."

"Yes," said the girl, "I do not like it."

Now Joe had once been several days without food; and never since that time could he bear to see any kind of food wasted, especially when he was out of doors. He would pick up a small piece of meat, which had been accidentally dropped, clean off the dirt and eat it, before taking another mouthful from his heaping plate, or the full camp-kettle at his side, thus showing one of the notions that an old campaigner sometimes acquires.


Further down in the basket they found some boiled chicken, which had been cut into pieces. The girl took out one of these and handed it to Joe. He took hold of it by the protruding bone, looked at it on one side, turned it over and examined it critically on the other, then in a tone of disgust, uttered the single word, "*neko*," (cat,) making a motion as if to throw it overboard. The girl reached for it, and Joe, pretending reluctance, surrendered the morsel.

A package done up in white paper proved to be sponge-cake, which they call "*castila*" in Japan, having first got it from the Spaniards, as they did bread from the French, which they call "*pan*."

Joe thought the girl made most of her breakfast out of that cake. The Japanese, especially the women, are very fond of sweets. In fact, they cannot understand how any sane person can voluntarily taste of anything sour. They say salt is sweet; and all their sauces are sweet. In short, the word sweet is used for almost everything that is good and wholesome.

They washed down the breakfast with water from the river, Joe greatly missing his coffee, as doubtless did the girl her tea; but they managed to "make out a meal."

XXIV.

URING this day on the river, Joe shifted the position of the boat several times; making a pretense of fishing whenever any one approached. Several boats passed down in the forenoon, and up in the afternoon, according as the tide served.

About noon—the day was “a scorcher,”—they found a place where some willow trees overhung the water a little, which afforded some shade, so that they could sit outside the cabin and be fairly comfortable. Near this place, the girl found a little spring of water coming out of the bank, which, though nothing but seepage from a rice-field above, was cooler than that of the river, and Joe thought safer, perhaps, to drink, in a cholera country.

This fishing without a hook, however, was about the most stupid occupation a man could possibly engage in, Joe thought. It was even more foolish, if that were possible, than watching another person fish; so he tried all sorts of ways to devise a substitute that might catch something. The girl could give him no pin to make a hook of, and seemed surprised that he should expect her to have such a thing. At last, he thought of the one at the back of his neck, fastening his collar to the shirt. He soon had it in shape and at the end of the string on the rod, and with a bit of gristle from a chicken-bone for bait, he was fishing in earnest, and with hope, which was something.

At last he did manage to get one poor little “shiner” into the boat. He pulled several out of the water. This one, when it wriggled itself

off the hook, happened to drop into the boat. Joe picked it up, looked at it, trying to make out whether or not it was of a kind he had ever seen before, and was about to throw it back into the water, when the girl, who had watched his efforts with great interest, asked for it. Joe handed it over, and proceeded to adjust a fresh bait.

The girl took the fish, and crawling through the cabin, went to the other end of the boat. Joe saw her doing something with it for a little time there, and then she came back to see what further luck he was having. Joe was sure she had not thrown the fish overboard; and yet it was certainly gone. What she did with it he could only guess. Raw fish is sweet to the Japanese.

Joe slept a good part of the afternoon, lying on the matting in the cabin, while the girl kept watch and fished. Whether she caught anything he never knew; certain it was that she had nothing to show for it when he awoke.

During the day Joe had climbed up the bank several times to look around the country, not daring to show himself very much, however, for fear of attracting attention. He was also afraid to move very far from where their friends had left them, or without knowing more about

what might be ahead. Nevertheless, towards evening, when the river was partly shaded by the trees on the bank, he poled the boat along for some distance on the shady side. He was looking for a good place to "tie up" for the night, when he caught sight of a man coming along on the opposite side of the river, leading a horse.

Joe at once ran the boat into the bank nearby, got out his tackle, and sat down to fish; all the time watching the man on the other side of the river, which at that point was too wide for him to recognize persons at such a distance, unless there might be something peculiar about them, which did not seem to be the case with this fellow.

When the man with the horse arrived opposite to where Joe was fishing, he stopped, looked across a moment, then turned the horse's head in the opposite direction, and stood behind it.

Joe at once put up his tackle and moved the boat across the river. It was the signal for which he was waiting.

When Joe sprang out of the boat and climbed up the bank, he and the man with the horse greeted each other as if well acquainted; and though one was a Japanese, a rapid conversation in English at once took place. The girl

put in her time examining and fondling the horse, which proved to be a pack-pony, with saddle and cargo on her back.

After inspecting the pack, the girl tried to find out whether the pony was giving milk, and then going to its head, she patted its nose, at the same time uttering little sounds of endearment, mingled with pet names. She was "getting acquainted" with one she regarded as at least a relative of dear old friends, and seemed not the least afraid of it in any way.

Joe, after talking with his friend, and examining a sketch or map of the country, which appeared to require a good deal of explanation, put the paper in his pocket, and turning to the pony, inspected in his turn the pack, as well as the fastenings.

On it he found his portmanteau with several other packages and bundles, and on the top of all, in a very conspicuous position, a photographic camera tripod. This was evidently a part of the "make up" for disguise; as Joe's friend very well knew that either of the two little cameras he sometimes carried, and which were in his portmanteau, could be concealed about his person and needed no tripod.

One of the packages was taken off, and out of it came an East India summer helmet wound

about with a blue veil, a pair of colored spectacles and a field-glass, besides several other requisites for making up the regulation English tourist.

Several packages were exchanged between the pony and the boat, and when all was ready for the start, the friends separated. The boat dropped down the river, bearing the Japanese, while the tourist walked along the embankment, followed by the girl leading the pony.

They went along the river for some distance, when, coming to another embankment at right angles to the one they were on, and leading across the valley towards the hills, they turned off, just as the sun was going down.

As they traveled along the narrow road, the twilight slowly fading, people came out of the fields on each side and went in the same direction. One of these parties, consisting of a man and two or three women, one of whom was carrying a baby on her back, came up behind and got into conversation with the girl leading the pony. As this made the tourist a little uneasy, he stopped, and managing with the pony and his own person to fill the pathway, so that it was not easy for those in the rear to get by, he examined the pack; tightened up some of the lashings, at the same time scolding the girl, and

threatening that the next time he took a trip of this kind he would get a *boy* to manage the horse, who would understand the business.

Having said all he wished the people to hear, he managed to let them pass by; and then explaining to the girl what he meant, and the danger of talking too much to strangers on the road, they walked on.

Just as darkness settled down they came to the foot of the hills, and turning to the left they skirted along at the base through what to the tourist seemed an interminable village.

They passed several tea or "rest-houses," where they could doubtless have stopped for the night; in fact they were solicited to do so at one or two places. But our tourist had no such intention, at least until he should have put as many more miles as possible between themselves and the city, in the cool of the night.


The moon did not rise until nearly eleven o'clock that night, and then was only little more than half a moon, which did not give much light. The tourist grew a little uneasy after a while in regard to the distance he had traveled, or where he was to turn off up into the hills. He could not examine his map with any satisfaction by burning matches, and he was afraid to stop at any of the houses for the

night, or to inquire, for fear he might have to show his passport, which he had all right in his pocket, although the nationality he was representing might not have suited exactly.

In passing a bamboo brake, or thicket, on the side of the road next to the hills, he took in its extent as they walked along, and coming to the end, left the road; then skirting around on the upper side amongst some small pine and kiri trees, they went into camp for the night.

It need hardly be stated that the camp was a bivouac under the sky, and by no means Joe Saxton's first experience of the kind; although he thinks he will never hear the *rasp* of a certain kind of locust again without seeing stars through pine boughs. And as for mosquitoes, —though he did not notice them much at the time,—his face was a sight to behold next morning; and so was that of his poor companion.

XXV

OME days after the events recounted in the last chapter, we find Joe Saxton and his companion on the mountain trail between Nikko and Lake Chuzenji. It was raining; and the mud in places, half knee-deep to the pony, as it splashed along under its pack, led by the girl.

The tourist was picking his way along the edge of the trail, with trousers rolled up, for a better reason than that it might be raining at home in London, and was carrying an umbrella over his head.

Several slight changes in the general make-up of the "outfit" might have been noticed by any one who saw it start from the river.

The tripod on the pack at that time was no longer to be seen; having been left behind, the second day, as a useless encumbrance, and not exactly suited to the make-up of an *English* tourist.

The faded blue blouse and trousers worn by the girl, though "second-hand" at the start, were perhaps a little too clean at that time, a defect no longer noticeable.

Joe's complexion was now almost as brown as that of the girl, except in spots, where the tan had peeled off. He needed a shave dreadfully; though his beard was naturally light and he always wore a mustache.

A glance at the pack on the pony showed other changes. It was now higher on the animal, bound by a single rope and secured by the "diamond hitch."

They had passed the midway rest-house, and were within a couple of miles of their destination for the day. The trail was getting steeper and steeper, and the rain came down harder and harder as they climbed up the mountain.

In places where the mud was not above the horse's fetlocks the clay was like oiled glass. The stream at the bottom of the gulch on their left had changed from the beautiful green color which it had when they started from Nikko—due to the reflection from the mountain sides, and the clear sky above—and was now grown a turbulent mountain torrent, and still rapidly rising. It was in fact, Joe thought, about as mean mountain trailing as he had ever had a hand or foot in.

As they were splashing along, at a particularly slippery place in the trail, Joe heard a little cry from the girl behind him, and looked

around just in time to see her struggling out of the mud from under the horse's fore-feet. Before he could get to her, however, she was up, standing and hopping up and down on one foot, holding the other in her hands.

She was crying, the tears mingling with the raindrops that had come through her straw hat down on her face.

Joe put one arm around her and inspected the foot as she held it up. There was an ugly cut of the skin on the top, the blood mingling with the mud on the foot. The sandal had been torn off. He could not tell whether any of the little bones had been broken or not. If it had only been a horse's foot he would have known all about it, and just what to do; but this poor little "burro," as he had nicknamed her, was a different kind of an animal; and any one looking under the sheltering visor of his helmet might have wondered how the rain got on his face beneath the eyes and nowhere else.

He carried her to some sheltering rocks at the side of the trail, and set her down. Then cleaning off the mud as best he could, he examined the foot, and carefully smoothing back the torn skin, took out his handkerchief and bound it up.

"O! for a little tobacco juice," he thought; which, for once, and that when he needed it most, he did not have.

What next to do had to be thought out. The rain poured down, and the pony with its pack, covered by a large sheet of yellow oiled paper, stood in the mud nibbling the bushes on the upper side of the trail.

Looking across the ravine, Joe saw on the side of the mountain, a little way up from the river, a couple of huts, evidently occupied by charcoal burners; and near, spanning the river, a rustic foot-bridge, supported at several points on rocks in the stream. A happy thought struck him. He would take the girl over there and leave her, where she would be among her kind; while he went on with the pony and baggage and brought back assistance, perhaps also a surgeon. He knew they were building a large hotel up at the lake, where several of the foreign legations already had summer residences, the American legation, however, not being among them.

Somehow, though, this plan did not seem to Joe entirely satisfactory. It might be all right, he thought; but, then again it might not be. The girl once out of his sight, what *might* not

happen as soon as his back was turned? No; it would not do.

He decided finally to take the baggage over to one of the huts, leave it there, put the girl on the pony and go on to the lake.

He accordingly took off the pack, consisting of his portmanteau and the girl's bundle, and placed them beside her under the shelter of the bank. The blankets he folded and put on the pack-saddle, which, it may be mentioned, was of the ordinary "saw-buck" pattern used in almost every country. The large sheet of oiled paper he threw over his own shoulders, fastening it at the throat like a military cloak, to shed the rain while he worked.

Having, as he thought, made a pretty good seat for the girl, he got up to try it. Just at that moment there came around a turn in the trail, a short distance above,—where it doubled back on itself coming down the mountain side,—a jinrikisha, not drawn, but being held back, by the man in the shafts. Under the cover, above the buttoned apron, Joe saw the bearded face of a man whom he took to be an American; and getting off the pony, he stood in front and stopped the way, looking hard at the occupant of the vehicle. All at once Joe recognized him, and exclaimed:

"Hello! Greig, how are you?"

The occupant of the jinrikisha had been leaning forward as far as the apron would permit, and gazing at Joe. At this familiar greeting, however, he drew back into his shell, as it were, saying:

"I beg your pārdon,—but you seem to have the advāntage."

"The devil you say," said Joe. "Don't know *me*?"

Again the head came to the front, and in a tone of astonishment said:

"*Good Lord!* Is that you—"

"No," was the reply before the question could be finished. "The boys used to call me '*Saint*,' but I haven't come into my kingdom as yet."

Greig laughed as he unbuttoned the top of the apron to get a better look at the situation, and Joe went on:

"But who *did* you take me for anyhow?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," said Greig. "*Wellington crossing the Alps*, may be. But," he added, as he looked around, "what are *you* doing here? What's up?"

"O! I am in a scrape, as usual," said Joe, "and want some help."

"What is it, and what can I do?"

Joe rapidly explained what had happened, and what he had intended to do, and wound up by saying:

"I tell you what you can do for me. *Swap horses.*"

"What do you mean?" said Greig.

"I mean," said Joe, "for you to take this beast off my hands and let me have the jinriki to carry the girl and traps up to the lake. I will make it all right with the man, and maybe I can get a couple of these pilgrims to push going up. It isn't much further, is it?"

"No," said Greig. "All right. But what shall I do with the horse when I get to Nikko?"

"Anything you like," said Joe. "Sell it; give it away; kill it, if you think best. I am done with it. Only don't tell anybody where you got it."

"Why not? What difference would that make?"

"Well,—it *might* make some difference."

"You didn't steal it, did you, Joe?" said Greig, smiling.

"Perhaps so, or something else," said Joe, adding, "I'll tell you all about it, George, the next time we are on board ship together. And, by the way, going the direction you are at present, take my advice and keep away from

the Yoshiwara when you get to Tokyo, unless you have *me* with you."

George laughed—and intimated that possibly he might have been there already.

The necessary arrangements were soon completed, and just as Greig was about to mount the pony—the girl and baggage were already in the jinrikisha—Joe said:

"There is another thing I want you to do."

"What is it? anything I can."

"Swap hats before you go; I am done with this, too. You will find the contraption very comfortable, and good for either sun or rain. I rather hate to part with it. But,—here,—give us that sombrero;" and as Joe put it on his head with a slap, he said:

"I am an *American* from this out."

XXVI.



DOUBTLESS several people at the rest-house below the point where Saxton and his friend swapped horses, thought, as the latter passed down, that he was the same foreigner who had gone by three hours before in the opposite direction. That

he had left the luggage and girl above, and was returning to Nikko on the pony for something forgotten; or, more sensibly, perhaps, had given up the trip on account of the weather.

Before starting with the jinrikisha Joe took another reef in his trousers and then gave the command to go ahead, at the same time pushing behind the vehicle. He soon got into the way of giving the answering grunts or exclamations the coolies make when straining at their work; but their progress was slow. The mountain side near the top being almost perpendicular, the trail is cut into the side, doubling back and forth on itself, making many turns; easy enough to come down in a jinrikisha or on foot; but a very different matter to climb up in slippery mud.

When they reached the "divide," where the road passes over to the lake—which, by the way, is not the top of the mountain—and where the road is level for a short distance before it begins to pitch in the opposite direction, and where there was very little mud, the coolie began to trot. This Joe put a stop to at once, and taking his place in front, laid out the pace in a good swinging walk. He was willing to push, where there was any necessity, but as for

running behind a baby carriage,—“not much,” he said.

Arriving at the little village on the shore of the lake, at one of the three rest-houses, or Japanese hotels,—a stopping place for the better class of pilgrims, with which the place is filled in summer,—Joe found his friend waiting. It would seem he had arrived two days before and had been making inquiries. He was a little surprised to see Joe arrive in such weather, and with the girl in a jinrikisha, instead of leading the pony. He rather expected that they would remain below until the rain ceased, inasmuch as they had not arrived the evening before.

Kosaku had secured the only two rooms the house afforded that were fitted for Europeans, these being on the upper floor. The rest of the house was filled with pilgrims, who spent most of the days asleep on the floor, finishing their pilgrimage to the top of the mountain in the night, after bathing in the lake.

The two rooms referred to opened out upon a veranda overlooking the water, and had for furniture a table and chairs, two of which were like those used on board steamers; and it made a very comfortable place for them to take their

meals and rest, and at the same time to enjoy the beauties of the scenery.

One of these rooms was given to the girl; the two men occupying the other at night. The meals were served on the veranda.

Inquiry developed the fact that there was a surgeon stopping at one of the legation summer residences. Who this turned out to be, when in answer to the request of a Japanese gentleman, he came to see the injured girl, would be readily guessed by any one hearing the exclamations of mutual surprise when he and Saxton met on the veranda of that hotel on the shore of Lake Chuzenji.

Later in the evening, after the girl's foot had been examined and dressed, this old friend doctor and Saxton sat on the veranda smoking, when the former said:

"How is it you came up here? They told me at your house that you and your friend had 'gone west.' They said you had gone to Kyoto and Osaka and would be away three weeks."

"Yes," said Joe, "that was the understanding when we made our preparations; but we changed our plans at starting. Was it anything in particular you wanted to see me about when you went to our place?"

"Yes; I wanted to ask you to come up here with me. We had been in the mountains together before, and I thought perhaps we could get some fishing on the lake."

"I could not have come with you," said Joe; "I had other company."

"Why, of course Mr. Kosaku was included, if he could have come."

"*He* didn't come with me," said Joe.

"Who did, then?"

"The girl," said Joe, pointing into the room where the Young Bamboo was lying on the bed.

"What do you mean?" said the doctor; and beginning to suspect something, as he thought, he went on: "I thought you came up from Nikko with a pony to carry your traps, and this girl to lead it; and that she got her foot tramped on down the trail a little way. Didn't you say so?"

"Ye-ep," said Joe. "You have got that all straight; but maybe, Doctor, you haven't got it all."

"Well, what more is there to it? What have you been up to now?"

"Doctor," said Joe, growing serious, "do you remember the time you first saw me?"

"I think I do," was the reply.

“That morning I came up at sick-call, with some cock-and-bull story? I was a recruit then. Do you remember what you said to me?”

“I don’t remember anything special.”

“Well, *I* do,” said Joe. “You said, ‘Young man, I am bound to believe what you say, perhaps; but remember this: we doctors have a saying, that ‘the patient who lies to us deserves to die.’ Now, you may have forgotten all about it, but I never shall. I have told plenty of lies since then, but none to you. Why, Doctor, you are the only man living who ever got the real truth about that mule-packing scrape with O’Leary. Do you remember the time when you were the patient and I was the nurse, in the mountains in Washington, on Bear River?”

“I think I do, Joe, and I shall always remember your kindness on that occasion. But what is it you hinted at about this girl? Anything I ought to know?”

“Yes, Doctor; I want to tell you the whole story, and we may never have a better chance. It might make a yarn for you to write up over some new *nom-de-plume*. All you would have to do would be to change a few of the names around a little, and then stick to the truth.”

"Well, go ahead," said the doctor. "I am like a *burro*, mostly ears, you know; but am able to carry a pretty good load for my size. But pack it close, and put on the *diamond hitch*."

When Joe had finished recounting the circumstances with which the reader is already partly acquainted, his listener shook his head and said:

"It won't do, Joe. It won't do."

"Why not? It's the truth."

"I don't doubt it for a moment. But remember the girl's words about the keepers, when they whipped her. 'They would not believe, they would not believe.'"

"Would not believe *what*? Several people know the circumstances, and they can all be verified."

"Well, there may be a few—physicians mostly—who might believe that about the German doctor's two nights in the Yoshiwara. But,—come, now,—would you believe the rest of it if anybody told you?"

"What's that?" said Joe with warmth.

"O!—that about one fellow stealing and running away with another fellow's girl, out of friendship, you know, for his sake. Wouldn't that be a pretty big dose to swallow?"

Joe laughed outright and said :

“So, that is the worst, is it? Why, can’t you see? The fellow had a girl of *his own*, who was his partner in the business. Perhaps, though, I didn’t make that quite plain enough before ; but I tell you now, Doctor, my *Hanner* is all right, and she was in it.”

“O !” said the doctor. “I didn’t think of that. But tell me more about *this* girl. What sort of a female is she anyhow?”

“She is a little fool, and the biggest coward you ever saw ; though,” added Joe, reflectively, “I must admit that she is amiable, and patient, and she stands her sufferings better than I could.”

“What is she afraid of?”

“The water. Didn’t I tell you she wanted to go back to another whipping, perhaps, and that she had to be carried on board the boat?”

“But did you never notice, Joe, that everybody is afraid of something?”

“I don’t know about that,” said Joe, with a wag of his head.

“It is a fact, though, all the same, if my observation goes for anything. And, if you can only find out what it is, in any particular case, you have got the whip handle over the

person, and you can make yourself boss of the situation."

"O! well; but think of a girl being afraid to go aboard of a sampan, on a moonlight night, in a canal, on a pleasure excursion. If that is not cowardice, I should like to know what you call it."

"She may have more reason than you think of, Joe. Don't be rash in judgment, whatever you may be in action," said the doctor, as he added, "but I must be going. I expect to find myself locked out as it is. I will come again before noon to-morrow. Keep her in bed, with the foot elevated and cool; give her what she likes to eat—not what you like—and she will be all right in a few days. I will think about your story. Good night."

"Good night," said Joe.

XXVII.



WHEN the doctor made his visit the next day, the girl's cot was carried out on the veranda, into a good light, and the foot thoroughly examined, which had not been practicable before.

Having satisfied himself, the doctor said:

“Do you know, Saxton, I have thought a good deal about that theory of yours regarding the destruction of microbes, and have come to the conclusion there may be something in it.”

“How so?” said Joe.

“Well;—here we have a severe bruise with an ugly wound, which you dressed in the rain and mud, under the most adverse circumstances. And yet it shows every sign of healing by first intention, as if the best antiseptic had been used.”

“What do you mean by my theory, Doctor? I don’t understand; I did the best I could.”

“Of course you did. I refer to that sovereign remedy of yours, *tobacco juice*.”

“O!” said Joe. “But I didn’t have any.”

“How so? Have you sworn off?”

“O! Lord, no! I wouldn’t do that. I wouldn’t swear off from stealing; for if I should, I wouldn’t be happy until I had picked somebody’s pocket. But I got out of “climax” on this trip.

“Have you never noticed”—Joe went on—“that a fellow always chews or smokes a good deal more on a campaign than at any other time? Why, I would have given a hundred

dollars for one good chew when this thing happened. O! you may laugh; but wait until you have suffered a little yourself."

"How long were you without it?"

"Why! I haven't got any yet; and if it hadn't been for these legation people up here, I don't believe I could have got even a package of this "Turkish" cigarette stuff to smoke. And, do you know, I think there must be opium in it. It makes me feel awful queer sometimes."

"Perhaps so, or something worse," said the doctor.

"Yes," Joe continued, "the Japanese don't seem to know what *chewing* tobacco is. You have to ask for tobacco for eating, and then they think you are crazy. Do you know I went out of my way and endangered the success of the whole enterprise in trying to get a little. I took in a big town where two railroads cross, and in no place that I could find had they ever heard of such a thing."

"It reminded me," Joe went on, "of some fellows—seven or eight prospectors—who had got together in a cabin in the mountains to stand off a band of Indians. They were all right as long as they did not go too far away from the house. But unfortunately they got

out of some of their supplies; and though it was as much as their lives were worth, they drew cuts to see who should get out through the prowling savages to the settlement and bring some,—not bacon nor hard-bread, but,—*tobacco.*”

“A pretty good Sunday-school story, on the vice of using tobacco,” said the doctor, with a laugh, “if it were only true.”

“*True,*” said Joe, with emphasis. “Why, I was there myself, and went back with the fellow and a squad of cavalry that drove off the Indians.”

“You can get plenty of this fuzzy fine cut stuff that they smoke in their little toy pipes, and that does not seem like tobacco at all; but only in the settlements of the open ports can you get any ‘real stuff,’ or a ‘drink,’ either, for that matter. I mean, of course, except this saké, which you have got to go to a tea-house for, and then drink tea while you wait for it to be warmed up. Not a saloon in all Tokyo, that I could ever find. Think of people sitting around eating shaved ice out of a glass, with a funny little spoon, and believing they like it; though it may be flavored with something for all I know,—I never tried it.”

"I saw something in Tokyo the other day," said the doctor, "that might have gladdened your heart a little."

"What was that?" Joe asked eagerly.

"I was walking along the street and heard a band playing; just as they do in our country when they open a new saloon, with free lunch. As I came up, however, you can imagine my disappointment, perhaps, when I discovered that the music was in front of a book-store and publishing house; and they were only advertising a new book."

"O! Lord," said Joe. "When will these people ever become civilized, at that rate? It reminds me,"—he went on,—“of another true story."

"I was once in a boat with another fellow, on a river, pulling along up stream, and not making much headway, the tide being against us. It was getting dark and we were anxious to make for the night a certain landing, the distance to which we did not know. As we pulled along, we came to a place where a couple of fellows were squatting by a fire on the bank, cooking supper. I sang out, asking how far it was to the landing. One of the men stood up and looked at us in the boat, while we stopped rowing to listen for his answer. Of course we

began to drop back, seeing which the fellow replied,

“You’ll get there quicker by dropping anchor.”

“Yes,” said the doctor, “that is the way with a good deal of progress in this world.”

The friends talked and joked while dressing the injured foot, and until the cot, with the girl on it, was carried back into the room. Then stretching themselves in the wicker chairs on the balcony, overlooking the water, and filling their pipes, they went on “swapping lies,” as Joe always called it.

“You say, Joe, that your friend has found this girl’s uncle up here. Where does he live, and what is his business? I confess I am a little interested in her future welfare,” said the doctor.

“No. He has not found him as yet. He has only heard of him. He lives on the other side of the lake, and in the winter makes these wooden bowls and plates, so commonly used here; and in the summer he runs a pack-train of horses between the Copper Mines and the Hot Springs. I am glad you like the girl, for I have grown to think a good deal of her myself on this trip,—she is so patient and faithful-like,

—and takes scolding so good, though she is such a fool and coward.”

“Don’t say all of that at once, Joe. May be you don’t understand her case quite as well as I think I do. I have seen more of them, perhaps, and, do you know, I think I have detected a few little signs of a tendency to hysteria.”

“What is that, anyhow, Doctor? I have often heard of it; what causes it?”

“Well, that is one of those things easier to name than to define. It usually comes from a derangement of the nervous system, and manifests itself—oddly enough sometimes—through the brain. I am not at all surprised at her symptoms, considering what she has been through. She reminds me of a dog I once had, that got its leg broke. He watched me while I dressed it, in the same way that she does, ready to bite or to lick my hand, as the occasion might prompt.”

“She isn’t *sick*, is she?” Joe asked.

“No! she has a good constitution and will be all right in a little while. All she needs is kind treatment with plenty of fresh air and unbroken sleep at night. The wound is healing splendidly, which shows that she is in good physical condition.”

"I hope she will be able to travel soon. We want to get her to her folks and finish the job as soon as possible. I want to get back to Tokyo; and Kosaku can't be away very long."


"How do you expect to get her there?" asked the doctor.

"Well, we intend to cross the lake in a sampan, and take the trail from the little temple in the woods, at the other end, up into the mountains, as soon as she is able to travel. Kosaku has gone over there to-day, to inquire of the priests about the road, etc."

That will be all right, provided you select a calm day for crossing the lake. Remember she is a little timid about the water, and if it should come on to blow while you are out, it might not be best for her. Make sure that the weather is settled before you start."

"I will see to that," said Joe. "And if need be I will carry her into the boat again; and we will *get there, you bet*, if I have to fight all the bears and dragons in these Japanese mountains."

XXVIII.

HILE the girl was convalescing, Joe and his friends put in the time cruising and fishing on the lake,—exploring the shore and country around, and taking pictures of waterfalls and other pretty views.

One picture Joe was very proud of he got from the balcony of the hotel, catching *Oyoshi-san*—the waiting maid—unawares, looking down into the water. He got a better one of her afterwards, perhaps; but somehow he always preferred to get his subjects in the camera when they were entirely unconscious of his purpose.

This girl, *Oyoshi-san*, was a good one, as her name indicated, and she came to be very friendly with the Young Bamboo. It was pleasant to hear them chatting and laughing as together they “tidied up” the place, after Bamboo’s foot got well enough for her to walk on it a little.

Joe and his friends usually spent their evenings on the balcony, smoking and talking, Joe doing a good share of the latter, and using his American exaggerations.

They were thus occupied the evening before the start across the lake was to be made, to take the girl "home to her mountains," when the doctor, speaking to Joe, asked,

Were you not a little bit scared that time you told us about, when you emptied your "Winchester" into the grizzly coming up the hill at you? when, as you say, you loaded him up so heavy with lead, like Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," that he rolled back down the mountain?"

"Not a bit," said Joe. "I was on the uphill side; and I was out for bear. That was just what I wanted."

"But, suppose it had proved that he was able to carry more lead than your magazine held; and you had fired your last shot? What would you have done then?"

"Doctor," said Joe, seriously, "I *never* fire my last shot. Nor *burn my last match*. Perhaps, though," he added, reflectively, "if I had rammed the muzzle of the gun down his throat, I *might* have pulled the trigger. I don't know."

"What do you mean by never burning your last match?" asked the listener.

"A man mighty seldom freezes to death with a match in his pocket."

"What difference does that make?" said the doctor.

"Why, you see, he will not lose hope, and that will keep him warm in the worst blizzard that ever blew." And Joe continued, "You may rob a man of his money, his sweetheart,—yes, and honors, for that matter;—but when you take from him hope, he is apt to be dangerous, to himself, if not to others."

"No!" he went on, "never fire your last shot. Keep one to hunt with. Nor burn your last match; after that, it is like fishing without a hook."

"If you were never scared, Joe, tell us the worst hurt you ever got in any of your scrapes. I know all about that little wound you got in the fight with the Bannocks; and that burn on your leg, that cold night you came into camp with a canteen of—butter-milk, was it?—and lay down a little too close to the fire. Yes, and that time you rolled down the bank with a bucking bronco 'half the time on top,' like the Irishman and the saw-log. Did you ever have anything worse?"

Joe little suspected what his friend was trying to find out in thus awakening reminiscences in his mind, and answered,

“O! I have been in more fights, Doctor, than you ever heard of; and I got a hurt once, worse than all those you have mentioned put together.”

“What fight was that?”

“A dog-fight.”

“Tell us about it,” said the doctor.

“Well, I was a little boy then; I think it was about the time my mother died. I was six or seven years old. One day some neighbors came to our house and stayed to dinner. There were so many of them that they crowded out some of us children, and we had to wait for the second table. So, to keep us quiet, they gave us bread-and-butter with jam on it, and sent us off. It was summer time. I was bare-footed and the doors were all open. I went to the back door—which had a couple of steps outside leading down to the ground—and stood in it eating my snack. We had a big brindle ‘cur-dog,’ kept on the place for handling stock, a savage brute; but I was never afraid of any animal, much less of a dog I knew as well as I did this one. Well, ‘Jim,’—that was his name,—came and stood in front of me at the foot of the steps, which brought his head about on a level with my feet, and within easy reach. His mouth was open and tongue hanging out as he

stood there looking and panting. I ordered him away several times; but as he did not go, I hauled off with my right foot and kicked him in the jaw. I didn't get that foot back, though, for some time; and it has scars on it yet. He yanked me down those steps and dragged me out into the yard, shaking the foot like a rat. When he did let go, and was about to fasten on to my throat, as I lay on the ground, the people had got there. Lord! It makes me shudder now; when I think of it."

"Yes," said the listener, in a quiet tone, "that sort of thing is apt to leave a lasting impression, especially when it occurs early in life. But," he added, "what became of the dog?"

"O! poor Jim had to go. Being unkind to children is as bad almost in a dog as killing sheep, though he was not to blame. But do you know, Doctor, to this day, if a girl has one of those little lap-dogs that thinks it smart to bark and snap at people, *I have no use for the woman.*"

"I can understand it, I think," said the doctor; who seemed to have no further questions to ask.

When Kosaku returned from his trip up the lake, inquiring about the road from the temple

back into the mountains, where the girl's uncle lived, he was able to make a very gratifying report.

He had not only found out the road, but been to the house, and had seen the man and his wife.

It seems they had no children, though they had been married fifteen years; and were thinking of adopting a son, to look after them in their old age, and keep up the family, according to the universal custom in Japan in such cases. In fact, there may be something in the laws requiring this course of action.

When the situation of the girl was explained to them, the couple were delighted at the good fortune which had brought them one of their own blood relations; and they were anxious to take the girl and marry her to some good man; and this they said would answer all purposes, as well as if she were their own daughter.

Kosaku also reported that near the house there was a good road, leading one way to the Copper Mines, and the other to the Springs. The one, however, from the temple to the house could scarcely be called a road at all; being only a path which had once been cut out to enable the people to visit the temple on the lake to make offerings.

This trail had been washed out in places, and was over-grown with brush, being traveled only occasionally; but it was still practicable for persons on foot.

When the time came to take the trip, the girl's foot being almost well,—though she was still unable to sit on it, and limped a little in walking,—the journey was made.

XXIX.



ON getting into the sampan the morning of the start across and up the lake, the girl held on to Saxton's hand with a grip that was painful; and when she let go, it was to drop down on her hands and knees in the bottom of the boat, where she remained until it was well under way and all steady. She then straightened up, holding on to Joe's knee, as he sat near on an extemporized seat, made by placing a board across the boat.

When they had sculled out into the lake and gained some distance from the sheltering mountains, a gentle breeze sprang up, and as it came from the right direction, they took advantage of it and hoisted the sail. Soon they were

going along at a speed rendering the use of the oar unnecessary, and impracticable for anything more than steering.

This the girl could not understand, and calling Joe's attention to the boatman's action—or rather to his seeming lack of action—more than intimated that he was shirking his duty.

During the whole trip the girl scarcely looked at the water. When she was not looking into Joe's laughing face as he talked, her gaze was fixed upon the bordering mountains. Whenever any one moved so as to rock the boat, even a very little, her hand would close on Joe's knee like a vise. Still, she seldom uttered a sound.

At last they arrived at the little gravelly beach at the north end of the lake, near the temple in the woods. Here they ate their lunch, and Joe took a couple of pictures. Or rather, Joe took one and Kosaku the other.

On starting into the forest, they left everything in the boat except a couple of small bundles, done up in colored cloths, tied by the corners, and containing things belonging to the girl. Kosaku carried one of these and Joe the other. The girl also had a small package which she never let out of her hand.

The Young Bamboo was dressed in the suit that she wore when they started from the river. It, however, had been washed and mended, while they stayed at the hotel waiting for her foot to get well.

A large tract of land around Lake Chuzenji is held in reserve by the government, for the mines, timber and game; with the last of which it is well stocked, and which is carefully preserved.

The trail leading back from the temple reminded Saxton of one in Washington, near Fort Canby, before it was opened up anew by Captain Louis and his men at that post. It was overgrown, through a thickly wooded country, and as Joe went along, stooping under branches and parting bushes with his stick and hands while feeling for the path with his feet, he said to himself,

“Little did I expect to travel a ‘*Rodgers Trail*’ in Japan.”

Out in the woods he could hear, once in a while, the drumming of the pheasant cock; and one or two flew up from near the trail as they passed along. In several places he saw deer tracks; and in one part of the trail—sure enough!—there was an old track of a bear. O! how he wished for a gun. Not that there

was the slightest danger of meeting a bear, but the sight of the track was sufficient to awaken all the instincts of the adventurous hunter.

Saxton soon took the lead, as he was always sure to do before traveling very far, even with Indians for his companions on a trail. They had started out with Kosaku in front, as he had been over the road once before.

The sight of the tracks, and other signs and sounds of game, had the effect of making Saxton involuntarily creep along, in certain places, like a cat, carefully avoiding all shaking of bushes or trampling on twigs likely to break and snap. The stick he had cut for a cane was held in his hand "at the balance," like a gun, "muzzle to the front." In fact, he was for the time the typical hunter; anxious to see, even if he could not kill everything that might cross his path. Had he been armed at that time, and one of the Emperor's pet deer jumped within range, there is little doubt of what the consequences would have been.

They were traveling along, Joe in front, closely followed by the girl, Kosaku being some distance behind, when the path led out into a little opening, which would be called "a clearing" in America; although it seemed to have

always been clear, as there were no stumps or other signs of recent cutting down of timber.

In this field,—which was on the side of a hill,—three little thatched houses could be seen. Joe had scarcely entered this opening and taken in the view—the girl several yards behind him, and Kosaku still further back in the woods—when he heard the savage, prolonged growl of a beast, bent on attack. At the same time he caught sight of a good-sized mountain dog coming down the path toward him.

Joe stopped short, and involuntarily took a half-step backwards. Seeing which, the dog came right on, without a pause, and made a grab for his leg. Joe jumped backwards, avoiding the bite, at the same time striking the dog with the stick with all his strength. As might have been expected, the stick broke, and the blow only served to anger the animal more than ever. At the next spring of the dog, Saxton gave one kick with his foot, and then turned and ran. As he did so, the dog fastened on him, and in trying to get away, Joe nearly ran over the girl, a short distance down the path. She was stooping down at the time, and straightening up as Joe passed, she struck the dog with a club she had picked up. The dog's

hold tearing loose at that instant, he left Joe and turned his attention to the girl.

Joe ran a few yards further, and finding himself free, and meeting Kosaku running up the path, he stopped and looked around. He was paralyzed at what he saw. The girl and dog were engaged in deadly combat. As soon as he could realize anything, he saw, to his astonishment, that the girl was not only holding her own, but actually forcing the fight. She was dodging about like a cat, and managing to deliver about two blows with her club for every grab the dog made; and the dog was giving ground.

Before Kosaku could take in the situation, secure a stick and reach the combatants, the dog had turned and was going up the path, the girl following closely behind him. She got in one last blow on the dog's rump, which seemed to do away entirely with his tail, so closely was it driven down between his legs.

As the girl walked back to where Joe stood in the path, she found him trembling in every limb, his face as white as a sheet. She dropped her club and came up to him, her eyes blazing with fire and her face a picture of mingled rage and solicitude. She placed her hands upon his arms above the elbows and looked up into his

face. Joe made a sickly attempt to laugh. But as she looked at him, all the blaze seemed to fade from her eyes, and there came instead the tears of pity.

Uttering some gentle words, such as a nurse might use to a frightened child, she took hold of his sleeve with her left hand, and turning him partly around, carefully searching for possible evidence of a wound, she said, with evident relief:

“No blood;” adding, “dog-bite sometimes make very sick, if he is angry, in summer-time.”

Then taking Joe by the hand she led him away. She soon released him, however, to pick up her club, when they came to the place where she had dropped it. And thus they went along, the girl and Joe having changed positions in the file, while Kosaku followed close behind.

The girl limped now more than before ; but still walked with firmness in her step.

Thus they passed through the opening in a little bamboo picket fence, which surrounded a small house, out of which, and across the yard, came a couple, with smiles of kindly greeting.

The news of the sinking of the *Iltis* was a shock both to Kosaku and Joe Saxton, when they learned of it on their return to Tokyo. Their grief reached its full depth when they found that she was the only German man-of-war at that time cruising in the China Sea; for they realized the fact that it was aboard of her that Carl Steinberg had received his last assignment to duty. He had found his burial in the greatest of all graves with the kind-hearted father of the *Young Bamboo*.

Joe Saxton never listens to the howl of the storm without believing that he can hear the voice of Carl Steinberg as he bravely led in the German national anthem, while far from home and country, the noble ship sank in the Oriental waters.

THE END.

JOE SAXTON

IN

JAPAN.

A STORY OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

BY

D. A. SELDEN, M. D.

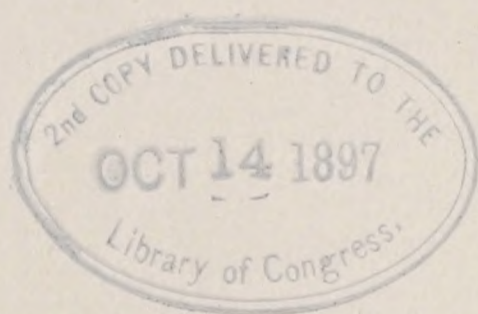
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